





THE
FORESTERS:
A POEM,
DESCRIPTIVE OF A
PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY
TO THE
FALLS of NIAGARA,
IN THE AUTUMN OF 1804.

BY
Alexander Wilson,
AUTHOR OF AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

WEST CHESTER, Pa.

PRINTED BY JOSEPH PAINTER.

—1838.—

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DESCRIPTIVE OF A

PRESTONIAN JOURNAL

TO THE

WALLS OF W.A.G.A.

IN THE YEAR OF 1801.

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AUTHOR OF AMERICAN GENTLEMAN,

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ALEXANDER WILSON, the author of this small, but interesting poem, was a native of Scotland. A writer in speaking of his qualifications and indefatigable perseverance, says:—"With an enthusiasm never excelled, this extraordinary man, who came to the United States a poor and unfriended Scotch weaver, first taught himself at the age of forty years, to draw and color after nature—then applied himself to the study of various branches of knowledge; and, having acquired the power of writing clearly and elegantly, as well as depicting by his pencil what he saw in his rambles, set out to penetrate through the vast territories of the United States, undeterred by forests and swamps, for the sole purpose of painting and describing the native birds. During seven years, in which he prosecuted this undertaking, he travelled more than ten thousand miles, "a solitary, exploring Pilgrim," as he describes himself. His labors were rewarded with no worldly riches or honors, for he had the greatest difficulty in procuring subscribers for the splendid work; (his Ornithology) and when a bookseller undertook to print and publish it, the only remuneration which the author received, was a payment for the mechanical labor of coloring his own plates."

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but interesting form, was a native of Scotland. A
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this extraordinary man, who came to the United States
poor and uneducated Scotch youth, but a bright intellect
at the age of forty years, to draw and color with various
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travel by horse and wagon, for the sole purpose of
painting and describing the native life. During every
year, in which he prosecuted this undertaking, he trav-
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rewarded with no worldly riches or honors, for he had
the greatest difficulty in procuring subsistence for the
epistolary work (his autobiography), and when a publisher
for undertook to print and publish it, the only remunera-
tion which the author received was a payment for the
mechanical labor of coloring his own plates."

THE
FORESTERS, &c.

SONS of the city! ye whom crowds and noise
Bereave of peace and Nature's rural joys,
And ye who love through woods and wilds to range,
Who see new charms in each successive change;
Come roam with me Columbia's forests through
Where scenes sublime shall meet your wandering view;
Deep shades magnificent, immensely spread;
Lakes, sky-encircled, vast as ocean's bed;
Lone hermit streams that wind through savage woods;
Enormous cataracts swoln with thundering floods;
'The settler's *(1) farm with blazing fires o'erspread;
'The hunter's cabin and the Indian's shed;
'The log-built hamlet, deep in wilds embrac'd;
'The awful silence of th' unpeopled waste:
These are the scenes the Muse shall now explore,
Scenes new to song and paths untrod before.

* For notes see Appendix.

To Europe's shores renowned in deathless song,
Must all the honors of the bard belong?
And rural Poetry's enchanting strain
Be only heard beyond th' Atlantic main?
What though profuse in many a patriot's praise,
We boast a BARLOW's soul-exalting lays;
An HUMPHREYS blessed with Homer's nervous glow;
And Freedom's friend and champion in FRENEAU;
Yet *Nature's* charms that bloom so lovely here,
Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear;
While bare bleak heathes and brooks of half a mile
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's Isle.
There scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,
There scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among
But lives and murmers in immortal song.
Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,
Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,
Unhonored weep the silent lapse of time,
Spread their wild grandeur to the unconscious sky,
In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by;
While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.

The sultry heats of summer's sun were o'er,
And ruddy orchards poured their ripened store;
Stripped of their leaves the cherry av'nues stood,
While sage October tinged the yellow wood,
Bestrew'd with leaves and nuts the woodland path,
And roused the Katydid (2) in chattering wrath;

The corn stood topped, there pumpkins strew'd the
ground,
And driving crowds of blackbirds wheeled around,
Far to the south our warblers had withdrawn ;
Slow sailed the thistle-down along the lawn ;
High on the hedge-rows, pendent over head,
Th' embow'ring vines their purple clusters spread,
The buckwheat flails re-echoed from the hill,
The creaking cider press was busier still ;
Red through the smoky air the wading sun
Sunk into fog ere half the day was done ;
The air was mild, the roads embrown'd and dry,
Soft, meek-eyed Indian summer (3) ruled the sky.

Such was the season when equipt we stood
On the green banks of Schuylkill's winding flood,
Bound on a tour wide northern forests through,
And bade our parting friends a short adieu ;
Three cheerful partners, Duncan was the guide,
Young, gay, and active, to the forest tried,
A stick and knapsack all his little store,
With these, whole regions Duncan could explore,
Could trace the path to other eyes unseen,
Tell where the panther, deer, or bear had been,
'The long dull day through swamp and forest roam,
Strike up his fire and find himself at home ;
Untie his wallet, taste his frugal store,
And under shelbury bark profoundly snore.
And soon as morning cheered the forest scene,
Resume his knapsack and his path again.

Next Leech advanced, with youthful sails unfurled,
Fresh on his maiden cruise to see the world ;
Red o'er his cheek the glow of health was spread,
An oilskin covering glittered round his head ;
His light fuzil across his shoulder thrown,
His neat-slung knapsack full and glistening shone ;
Though unknown regions wide before him lay,
He scorned all fear while Wilson shared the way.
He next appeared, with glittering arms supplied,
A double gun, a deadly dirk beside,
A knapsack crammed by Friendship's generous care,
With cakes and cordials, drams, and dainty fare ;
Flasks filled with powder, leathern belts with shot ;
Clothes, colors, paper, pencils—and what not.
With hope elate and ardor in his eye,
He viewed the varying scenes approaching nigh,
Prepared and watchful (headless of repose)
To catch the living manners as they rose ;
Th' exploits, fatigues, and wonders to rehearse,
In no inglorious or enfeebled verse ;
Nor scene nor character to bring to view
Save what fair 'Truth from living Nature drew.

Thus each equipt beneath his separate load,
We, fellow pilgrims, gaily took the road,
A road immense ; yet promised joys so dear,
That toils and doubts, and dangers, disappear.
Behind us soon the lessening city flies,
New vallies sink and other hills arise,
Till through old Germantown we lightly trod,
That skirts for three long miles the narrow road :

And rising Chestnut-Hill around surveyed,
Wide woods below in vast extent displayed.
Studded with glitt'ring farms; the distant view
Died into mingling clouds and mountains blue;
The road was good, the passing scenery gay,
Mile after mile passed unperceived away,
Till in the west the day began to close,
And Spring-house tavern furnished us repose.
Here two long rows of market folks were seen,
Ranged front to front, the table placed between,
Where bags of meat and bones, and crusts of bread,
And *hunks* of bacon all around were spread;
One pint of beer from lip to lip went round,
And scarce a crumb the hungry house-dog found;
Torrents of Dutch from every quarter came,
Pigs, calves, and *saur-craut* the important theme;
While we, on future plans revolving deep,
Discharged our bill and strait retired to sleep.

The morning star shone early on our bed,
Again our march the vigorous Duncan led,
The vault of heaven with constellations hung,
Their myriads twinkling as he cheerly sung,
Beguiling the lone hours. Thus half the day,
O'er hill and dale our stretching journey lay,
'Through fertile Bucks, (4) where lofty barns abound,
For wheat, fair Quakers, eggs, and fruit renowned;
Full fields, snug tenements, and fences neat,
Wide-spreading walnuts drooping o'er each gate;
The spring-house peeping from enclustering trees,
Gay gardens filled with herbs, and roots and bees,

Where quinces, pears, and clustering grapes were seen
With pondrous calabashes hung between;
While orchards, loaded, bending o'er the grass,
Invite to taste, and cheer us as we pass.
But these too soon give place to prospects drear,
As o'er Northampton's (5) barren heights we steer;
Bleak land of stones, deep swamps, and pigny woods,
Where the poor Swabian o'er his dudgey broods;
Toils hard; and when the heats of harvest burn
Gleans from the rocks his pittance in return.
Yet though so poor its soil, his sheaves so few,
All-conquering industry still bears him through;
Averse to change, pleased patiently to plod
The same dull round his honest father tread.
Behold his low roof hut on yonder green!
There no gay front or proud piazza's seen;
Let wealthy fools their precious hearts disburse,
No *whim* can tempt him to untie his purse.
A moss-grown penthouse shades his narrow door,
One window joins with patches covered o'er;
Around the garden numerous hives are ranged,
And pendent grounds to fading yellow changed.
Sheds, smoke-house, hog-pens, crowd the miry yard,
Where endless yells from growling pigs are heard.
Approach this humble hut: look in, nor fear;
Say, could Ambition find one comfort here?
Yet sweet Content e'en here is sometimes found,
Turning the wheel, or slumbering by its sound.
No mirrors dazzle, no rich beds appear,
Wide wasting Fashion never entered here.
Those plates of pewter, ranged along the frame,

In ancient days from distant *Teuchland* came,
 That oaken table, so uncut and low,
 Stood where it stands some sixty years ago.
 In this arm-chair where Hans delights to snore,
 His great-grandfather nodded long before.
 Thus glows his greasy stove throughout the year,
 The torrid zone forever rages here.
 Here, when the shades of weary evening fall,
 Sits Hans, the lord and sovereign of all;
Das Neue Callender (6) from the nail unhooks,
 His dark brows solemn, and morose his looks,
 Beside his lamp; with spectacles on nose,
 Tomorrow's weather seeks, its rains or snows,
 The moon's eventful signs, th' auspicious hour
 To plant the downward root or rising flower;
 Of witch-confounding doctors tells the tale,
 Sips his metheglin, or his cider stale.
 All other joys for which he ever sighs
 His dear-loved *saur-craut* or his pipe supplies.

Abroad at toil ere yet the morning breaks,
 Each rugged task his hardy *frau* partakes;
 With brawny arms the struggling ploughshare guides;
 Whips up her nags and o'er the furrow strides:
 Awakes the echoes with her clamorous tongue,
 And lends e'en Hans a blow when things go wrong,
 Sweeps round her head the loud resounding flail,
 And sweats the sturdiest mower in the vale.

Light beat our hearts with changing prospects gay,
 As down through Durham vale we bend our way,

And pause, its furnace curious to explore,
Where flames and bellows lately went to roar,
Now waste and roofless : as its walls we pass
The massive shells lie rusting in the grass.
There let them rust, fell messengers of death !
Till injured liberty be roused to wrath,
In whose right hand may they, though hosts oppose,
Be blasting thunderbolts to all her foes.

The setting sun was sinking in the west,
And brightly burnishing the mountain's breast,
When from afar, as down the steep we hie,
The glittering roofs of Easton caught the eye :
Low in the shelter'd vale, while rude around
Hills piled on hills the dreary prospect bound.
Around the mountain's base, in winding pride,
The rapid Lehigh rolls his amber tide,
To meet old Delaware who moves serene,
While Easton rises on the plains between.
Tired with the day's long toil we gladly greet
The snug stone buildings and the pavement neat ;
The busy townsmen, jabbering Dutch aloud,
The court-house, ferry, hanging signs and crowd ;
At length one waving sign enchained our view,
'Twas Pat's *split-crow*, a filthy raven too.
Thither for rest and shelter we repair,
And home's kind decencies, that ne'er were there.
Here might the Muse with justice due record
The wretched fare its scurvy walls afford ;
The black wet bread, with rancid butter spread,
The beastly drunkards who beside us fed ;

The beds with flees and bugs profusely stored,
Where every seam its tens of thousands poured,
The host's grim sulkiness, his eager look,
When from our purse his glittering god we took;
But nobler themes invite, be these suppressed,
The eagle prays not on the carrion's breast.

Long ere the morn had showed its opening sweets,
We clubbed our arms and passed the silent streets,
Slow o'er the pavement limpingly we tread,
But soon recovering, every ailment fled.
Forward we march, o'er mountains rude and bare,
No decent farm, or e'en a cabin rare;
Thick wastes of ground oak (7) o'er the country spread,
While haggard pines sigh dismal overhead.
Lo! the Blue Mountain now in front appears,
And high o'er all its lengthened ridge uprears;
Th' inspiring sight redoubled vigor lends,
And soon its steeps each traveller ascends;
Panting we wind aloft, begloomed in shade,
Mid rocks and mouldering logs tumultuous laid
In wild confusion; till the startled eye
Through the cleft mountain meets the pale blue sky
And distant forests; while sublimely wild,
Tow'rs each tall cliff to heaven's own portals piled.
Enormous gap! if Indian tales be true,
Here ancient Delaware once thundered through,
And rolled for ages; till some earthquake dread,
Or huge convulsion shook him from his bed. (8)

Here under rocks, at distance from the road.

Our pondrous knapsacks cautiously we stowed;
The mountain's top determined to explore,
And view the tracks already travelled o'er;
As nimble tars the hanging shrouds ascend,
While hands and feet their joint assistance lend;
So we, from rock to rock, from steep to steep,
Scaled the rude piles, suspended o'er the deep,
Through low dwarf underwood with chestnuts crowned,
Whose crooked limbs with trailing moss were bound.
Eager we brush the impending bushes through,
Panting for breath and wet with dashing dew;
Cliff after cliff triumphant we attain,
And high at last its loftiest summit gain;
But such a prospect!—such a glorious show!
The world, in boundless landscape, lay below!
Vast colored forests, to our wandering eyes,
Seemed softened gardens of a thousand dyes.
Long lakes appeared; but at th' increase of day
Assumed new forms, and rolled in mist away. (9)
Scooped from the woods unnumbered spots were seen
Embrowned with culture, or with pasture green;
Some cottage smoke moved slow, and dimly white;
But every hut had dwindled from the sight.
In long trailed fogs, that all its windings showed,
For many a league the distant Delaware flowed;
And all beyond seemed to the ravished eye,
One waste of woods, encircling earth and sky!
We gazed delighted—then, with short delay,
Descending fixed our loads and marched away.

From this rough mountain, northward as we bend,

Below us, wide, the woody wilds extend ;
The same ground oak o'er all the country lies,
The same burnt pines in lonely prospect rise,
Mute and untenanted ; save where the jay
Set up his shrill alarm, and bore away.
One solitary hawk that sailed serene,
Secure, and eyeing the expanded scene,
High from his zenith, 'midst the bursting roar,
Dropt at our feet, and fluttered in his gore ;
" Thus falls," said Duncan, " many a son of pride,
" While buoyed in thought o'er all the world beside."

From these dull woods emerging into day,
We pass where farms their opening fields display,
Barns, fences, cottages, and lawns appeared,
Where various sounds of human toil were heard ;
There, round a hut, upon a sloping green,
Gay laughing bands of playful boys were seen ;
Soon, Books ! aloud, is thunder'd from the door,
And balls and hoops must charm the hours no more ;
But frequent tears the blotter leaves assail,
And sighs for dear-loved liberty prevail.
Thither, by long yet fond remembrance led,
With awe we enter this sequestered shed ;
All eyes are turned the strangers to survey,
One tap is heard !—and all the hint obey ;
Then grave and courteous, rising from his seat,
The decent Master bows with meekness meet,
Invites to sit—looks round with watchful eyes,
And bids, by signs, alternate classes rise ;
Hears, reads, instructs, with solemn voice and slow,

Deep, busy silence muffling all below ;
Slates, pens, and copy-books in order pass,
And peace and industry pervade each class.
Dear to the Muse, to truth, to science dear,
Be he who humbly toils and teaches here !
His worth, his labors, shall not sleep forgot,
And thus the Muse records them as she ought.

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers, upwards to the throne ;
From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,
(If skilled to teach, and diligent to rule)
Is the learned master of a little school.
Not he who guides the legs, or skills the clown
To square his fist, and knock his fellow down ;
Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
To parry thrusts and pierce the unguarded heart ;
But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
Still toils the opening reason to enlarge ;
And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
From humble A, B, C, to God's own page ;
From black, rough *pothooks*, horrid to the sight,
To fairest lines that float o'er purest white ;
From numeration, through an opening way,
Till dark annuities seem clear as day ;
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,

Till earth's remotest bound, and heaven's bright train
He trace, weigh, measure, picture, and explain.

If such his toils, sure honor and regard
And wealth and fame will be his dear reward;
Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
And blessings gild the evening of his days?
Yes!—Blest indeed, by cold ungreatful scorn,
With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
Despised by those who to his labors owe
All that they read, and almost all they know;
Condemned, each tedious day, such cares to bear
As well might drive e'en Patience to despair:
The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark, impenetrable scull—
The endless round of A, B, C's whole train,
Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain.
Placed on a point the object of each sneer,
His faults enlarge his merits disappear;
If mild—"Our lazy master loves his ease,
"The boys at school do any thing they please."
If rigid—"He's a cross hard-hearted wretch,
"He drives the children stupid with his birch.
"My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;
"But frowns and floggings frighten him to death."
Do as he will his conduct is arraigned,
And dear the little that he gets is gained;
E'en *that* is given him, on that quarter day,
With looks that call it—money thrown away.
Just Heav'n! who knows the unremitting care
And deep solicitude that teachers share,

If such their fate, by thy divine control,
O give them health and fortitude of soul !
Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
And strength, to make the sturdiest of them tame ;
Grant this, ye powers ! to Dominies distress,
Their sharp-tailed hickories will do the rest.

Again the shades of sober eve appeared,
Up the dark windings of a creek we steered,
Where, glad to rest, and each in hungry plight,
In Marewine's humble hut we spent the night.
Our social host piles up a jovial fire,
Brings his best cider, still as we desire,
Inspects our arms, with nice inquiring gaze,
And while we eat, his hunting spoils displays :
'The skins of wolves and bears, a panther's Jaws, (10)
His horrid tusks and life-destroying claws ;
Recounts the toils and terrors of the chase ;
And gave us fiddling too, by way of grace ;
All which, when bed-time warned us to lie down,
We fully paid him for with half a crown.
Refreshed with sleep, before the peep of day,
O'er rising Pocano (11) we scour away,
Beyond whose top the Dismal Swamp extends
Where Tobihanna's savage stream descends.
Here prostrate woods, in one direction strewed,
Point out the path the loud tornado rode,
When from the black north-east it gathered strong,
Creating ruin as it roared along,
Crashing outrageous. (12) Still with awe-struck mien,
The pilgrim stops, and gazes on the scene.

Huge pines that towered for centuries on high,
Crushed by each others ruins prostrate lie,
Black with devouring flames, of branches bare,
Their ragged roots high tilted frown in air;
While shivered trunks, like monuments of wrath,
Add deeper horror to the wreck beneath.
Cut through this chaos rude, the narrow road,
Alone by solitary traveller trod,
Winds through the wilds of this forlorn domain
Where ruin drear and desolation reign.
Here as we loitered on, with restless gaze,
Absorbed in silence, musing and amaze,
The rustling bushes and the snorting sound
Of startled bruin fixed us to the ground ! (13)
With levelled guns we momentary stood—
He's gone loud crashing through the distant wood ;
Sad disappointment throbs in every breast,
And vengeance dire is threatened on the rest.
And now each passing stump, and bush, and nook,
Is eyed with eager and suspicious look ;
But one deep solitude around prevails,
And scarce a cricket, eye or ear assails.

Thus many a tedious mile we travelled o'er,
Each passing scene more rueful than before ;
Till night's dull glooms descending o'er our path,
We took up lodgings at the Shades of Death. (14)
The blazing fire, where logs on logs were laid,
Through the red hut a cheerful radiance spread ;
Large horns of deer the owner's sports reveal ;
The active housewife turns her buzzing wheel ;

Prone on the hearth, and basking in the blaze,
Three plump but ragged children loitering gaze;
And all our landlord's odd inquiries o'er,
He dealt out tales and anecdotes in store,
Of panthers trapt (15)—of wounded bears enraged;
The wolves and wildcats (16) he had oft engaged;
The noble bucks his rifle had brought down—
How living rattle-snakes he took to town.
His dog's exploits—the glory of his kind!
Now gashed by bears, and lame, and almost blind.
Displayed his hat, with bullet-holes o'errun,
To prove the many matches he had won.
On powder, rifles, locks and balls enlarged,
And a whole broadside on his art discharged.
The mother spun, the children snored around,
And Sox, the landlord still fresh stories found;
Our nodding heads the power of sleep contest,
And the kind hunter led us to our rest.

Once more the dawn aroused us to the road,
Our fare discharged, we left this lone abode,
And down, through deepening swamps pursued our way,
Where pines and hemlocks quite shut out the day;
Majestic solitudes; all dead and deep!
The green moss matted o'er each mouldering heap;
On every side with watchful looks we spy,
Each rustling leaf attracts our eager eye;
Sudden the whirring tribe before us rise!
The woods resound—the fluttering partridge (17) dies;
Light floating feathers hover on the gale,
And the blue smoke rolls slowly through the vale.

Again, slow stealing o'er the shaded road,
Trailing their broad barr'd tails, two pheasants (18) strode,
The levelled tube its fiery thunders poured,
And deep around the hollow forest roared,
Low in the dust the mangled victims lie,
And conscious triumph fills each traveller's eye.

Now thickening rains begin to cloud the air,
Our guns we muffle up—our only care;
Darker and heavier now the tempest lowered,
And on the rattling leaves incessant poured;
The groaning trees in hollow murmurs waved;
And wild around the rising tempest raved.
Below dark, dropping pines we onward tread,
Where Bear Creek grumbles down his gloomy bed,
Through darksome gulfs, where bats forever skim,
The haunts of howling wolves and panthers grim.
At length two hovels through the pines appear,
And from the pelting storm we shelter here.
Two lank, lean dogs pace o'er the loosened floor;
A pouch and rifle hung behind the door;
Shrill through the logs the whistling tempest beats,
And the rough woodsman welcomes us to seats.
Before the blazing pile we smoking stand,
Our muskets glittering in the hunter's hand;
Now poised, now levelled to his curious eye;
Then in the chimney corner set to dry.
Our clear, green powder-flasks were next admired;
Our powder tasted, handled, rubbed, and fired;
Touched by the spark, lo! sudden blazes soar,
And leave the paper spotless as before.

From foaming Brandywine's rough shores it came,
To sportsmen dear its merits and its name;
Dupont's (19) best Eagle, matchless for its power,
Strong, swift and fatal as the bird it bore.
Like Jove's dread thunderbolts it with us went,
To pour destruction wheresoever sent.
These as they glistened careless by our side,
With many a wishful look the woodsman eyed.
Thus bears on beech-nuts, hungry steeds on maize,
Or cats on mice, or hawks on squirrels gaze.
His proffered skins of all the forest train,
His looks, and his empty horn, implored in vain;
'Till to a family's wants we freely gave
What cold hard-hearted Prudence bade us save.
And, now, this treasure on our host bestowed
His sun burnt visage at the present glowed;
New moulded bullets quickly he prepared;
Surveyed the glistening grain with fixed regard,
Then charged his rifle with the precious store,
And threw the horn his brawny shoulders o'er,
Secured his spunk, his matches, flint and steel,
The dogs in transport barking at his heel;
Then, in his blanket, bade his wife good-by,
For three long nights in dreary woods to lie.
Our morsel ended, through the pouring rain,
O'er barren mountains we proceed again;
And now Wiomi opened on our view,
And, far beyond, the Allegheny blue,
Immensely stretched; upon the plain below
The painted roofs with gaudy colors glow,
And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen

Winding its stately pomp through valleys green.

Hail, charming river! pure transparent flood!
Unstained by noxious swamps or choaking mud;
Thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam;
Or pleased o'er beds of glittering sand to roam;
Green be thy banks, sweet forest-wandering stream!
Sail may thy waves with many treasures teem;
The silvery shad and salmon crowd thy shores,
Thy tall woods echoing to the sounding oars;
On thy swoln bosom floating piles appear,
Filled with the harvest of our rich frontier:
Thy pine-browed cliffs, thy deep romantic vales,
Where wolves now wonder, and the panther wails,
Where at long intervals, the hut forlorn
Peeps from the verdure of embowering corn,
In future times (nor distant far the day)
Shall glow with crowded towns and villas gay;
Unnumbered keels thy deepened course divide;
And airy arches pompously bestride;
The domes of Science and Religion rise,
And millions swarm where now a forest lies.

Now up green banks, through level fields of grass,
With heavy hearts the fatal spot we pass
Where Indian rage prevailed, by murder fired,
And warriors brave by savage hands expired;
Where bloody Butler's iron-hearted crew
Doomed to the flames the weak submitting few;
While screams of horror pierced the midnight wood,
And the dire axe drank deep of human blood. (20)

Obscured with mud, and drenched with soaking rain,
Through pools of splashing mire we drove amain;
Night darkening round us; when in lucky hour,
Led by its light we reached a cottage door,
There welcomed in we blest our happy lot,
And all the drudgery of the day forgot.
A noble fire its blazing front displayed
Clean shelves of pewter dazzling round arrayed,
Where rows of ruddy apples, ranged with care,
With grateful fragrance filled the balmy air;
Our bard (chief orator in times like these,)
Though frank, yet diffident, and fond to please,
In broken German joked with all around,
Told who we were, from whence, and whither bound;
The cottage group a ready opening made,
And "welcome, friends," the little Dutchman said.
Well pleased, our guns and knapsacks we resigned,
Th' adjoining pump or running stream to find,
There washed our boots, and, entering took our seat,
Stript to the trowsers in the glowing heat.
The mindful matron spread her table near,
Smoking with meet, and filled with plenteous cheer;
And, supper o'er, brought forth and handed round
A massy bowl with mellow apples crowned;
For all our wants a mother's care express,
And pressed us oft, and picked us out the best;
But Duncan smiled, and slyly seemed to seek
More tempting fruit in Susan's glowing cheek,
Where such sweet innocence and meekness lay
As fairly stole our pilot's heart away.
He tried each art the evening to prolong,

And cheered the passing moments with a song,
So sadly tender, with such feeling raised,
That all but Susan with profusion praised;
She from his glance oft turned her glistening eye,
And paid in tears and many a stifled sigh.

Thus passed the evening charmingly away,
Each pleased and pleasing, innocent and gay,
Till early bed-time summoned us to part,
And Susan's glances spoke her captive heart.

Swift flew the night, in soundest sleep enjoyed,
By dawn we start and find all hands employed,
The wheel, the cards, by fire-light buzzing go;
The careful mother kneads her massive dough;
Even little Mary at her needle sits,
And while she nurses pussy, nicely knits,
Our generous friends their courtesy bestowed,
Refused all price and pointed out the road;
With kindest wishes bade us all farewell;
What Susan felt, the rising tear could tell.

Blest Hospitality! the poor man's pride,
The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide,
Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye,
Even Angels honor as they hover nigh;
Confined (in mercy to our wandering race)
To no one country, people, age, or place;
But for the homeless and the exiled lives,
And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives;
O if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,

One humble dwelling e'en without a name,
Do thou, blest Spirit! be my partner there,
With sons of wo our little all to share;
Beside our fire the pilgrim's look to see,
That swim in moisture as he thinks on thee;
To hear his tales of wild woods wandering through;
His ardent blessings as he bids adieu;
Then let the selfish hug their gold divine,
Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine.

The morning fogs that o'er the country lay,
Dispersing, promised a delightful day,
Clear, warm, serene; the sun's resplendent beams,
Plays on the rocks, and from the river gleams,
The cheerful robins (21) chattering round us fly,
And crested wood-cocks (22) hammer from on high.
Poor Duncan's sober looks, and glistening eye,
His broken sentences, and half-fetch'd sigh,
His frequent backward gaze, and anxious mien,
While Susan's sheltered cottage could be seen,
Betrayed the thoughts that hovered through his breast,
The fruitful source of many a rallying jest;
At length his song the echoing forest hailed,
And laughing Comus over Love prevailed.

By Susquehanna's shores we journey on,
Hemmed in by mountains over mountains thrown,
Whose vast declivities rich scenes display
Of green pines mixed with yellow foliage gay;
Each gradual winding opening to the sight
New towering heaps of more majestic height,

Grey with projecting rocks ; along whose steep
The sailing eagle (23) many a circle sweeps.
Few huts appeared ; the wretched few we spied
Seemed caves where Sloth and Poverty reside ;
The ragged owners happier far to hear
Men, boys, and dogs arouse the bounding deer ;
In fluttering rags, with scarce a hat or shoe,
Down the rough steep the roaring chase pursue.
'To tree the bear ; the midnight wolf to watch ;
Minx, otters, 'possums, or raccoons to catch ;
The bloody panther boldly to destroy,
Their highest glory and their greatest joy.
While round each hut the richest soil is seen,
Bleak squalid wretchedness is found within,
Filth, want, and ignorance from sire to son,
The sad attendants of the dog and gun ;
As sage Experience long ago has said,
A good *amusement*, but a wretched *trade*.

'Twas now deep noon, the winding pathway led,
Beneath tall maples near the river's bed,
Where moss-grown logs in mouldering ruins lay,
And spice and dogwood fringed the narrow way ;
The scarlet berries clustering hung around,
And mixed with yellow leaves bestrewed the ground ;
There glistening lay, extended o'er the path,
With steadfast, piercing eye, and gathering wrath,
A large grim rattlesnake, of monstrous size ;
Three times three feet his length, enormous lies ;
His pointed scales in regular rows engraved ;
His yellow sides with wreathes of dusky waved ;

Fixed to the spot, with staring eyes we stood !
He, slowly moving, sought the adjoining wood ;
Conscious of deadly power, he seemed to say,
“ Pass on ; in peace let each pursue his way.”
But when th’ uplifted musket met his view,
Sudden in sounding coils his form he threw !
Fierce from the centre rose his flattened head,
With quivering tongue and eyes of fiery red,
And jaws extended vast, where threatening lay
The fangs of death in horrible array :
While poised above, invisible to view,
His whizzing tail in swift vibration flew.
Back sprung our bard ! and, aiming to let fly,
Glanced o’er the deadly tube his vengeful eye ;
And now destruction seemed at once decreed ;
But Duncan’s pleading checked the barbarous deed ;
“ O spare the brave !” our generous pilot cried,
“ Let mercy, sir ! let justice now decide ;
“ This noble foe, so terrible to sight,
“ Though armed with death, yet ne’er provokes the
fight ;
“ Stern, yet magnanimous, he forms his den
“ Far from the noisy, dangerous haunts of men.
“ Th’ unconcious foot that presses him he spares,
“ And what was harmless meant forgiving bears ;
“ But dare his life.—Behold, he rises brave,
“ To guard that being bounteous Nature gave.
“ We are th’ aggressors here ; the hero he ;
“ Honor the brave defence of ONE TO THREE !”
He spoke. Three cheers the voice of Mercy hailed ;
And heav’ns most glorious attribute prevailed.

Here, in deep glens, we groves of shelbarks found,
And brought their thousands rattling to the ground.
Here clustering grapes on bending saplings grew,
And down the loaded vines we laboring drew ;
The luscious fruit our vigorous toil repaid,
And Bacchus' honors crowned us in the shade.

Now Keeler's Ferry heartily we hail,
And o'er the clear expanse serenely sail ;
High up th' adjacent banks again we go,
The lessened river winding deep below ;
Here rocky masses from the cliffs we tore,
And down the mountain made them bounding rear
Through tops of crashing pines, with whistling sound,
Dashing the thundering waves in foam around.
Now night drew on, dull owls began to scream,
We crossed Tunkhannec's slow and silent stream ;
Lodged at a famished inn that near it stood,
Of all things destitute save fire and wood ;
Old Squares, the owner, indolent and poor,
His house unshingled and without a door ;
No meat, or drink, or bread, or liquor there,
As Afric's wilds, of every comfort bare ;
But Duncan's load across his cudgel cast,
Fruits, birds, and beasts, bespeak a rich repast ;
While Leech's knapsack loaves of bread supplied,
And mine a cordial for the heart beside :
So, sans delay, all hands at once begin,
Some pick the pheasants, some the squirrels skin,
Soon o'er the fire our crackling nostrums bawl,
And soon, like hungry wolves, to work we fall.

Hew down the wheaten loaf, o'er whose thick side
The ample sheets of yellow butter glide,
While piles of bones like polished ivory, rise,
And the starved boors look on with wild surprise.
Such blessed comforts health and hunger bring,
The hunter feasts more nobly than the king,
Whose sated appetite, by luxury cloyed,
Even richest sauces satiate unenjoyed.

The table cleared, our journal we survey,
And minute down the wanderings of the day;
For fresh materials at our host inquire,
Who broiled his brawny limbs before the fire.
"What township's this, old daddy?" Why—hm—
well;

Township? The dickens, sir, if I can tell;
Its Pennsylvania, though. Right, daddy Squares.
"Who are your nearest neighbors?" Why, the bears.
"No mill or school-house near you?" Yes, we've one
Beyond the church a piece on Panther's Run.
"Is church far distant daddy?" Why—hm—no;
Down Susquehanna, twenty miles or so.
"You go to preaching then?" Besure; that's clear;
We go to mill and meeting twice a year.
"No curiosities about?" Why—yes,
You've brought a few of them yourselves, I guess.
"What, dollars?" Aye, and fi'-pennybits, I declare
Are downright rarities among us here.
Thus passed the evening till the time of bed,
When to a kennel we at last were led;
There, slumbering, shivered till the dawn of day,
Then quit this scurvy cave, and marched away.

Before us now in huge extension rise
Dark wood-clad mountains of enormous size ;
Surrounding fogs their towering summits hide,
And sailing clouds, in silent grandeur, glide
Around their airy cliffs. These we survey
As dull forebodings of a cheerless day.
Up steep's immense with laboring steps we bend,
Then down in hollow gulfs for miles descend,
Buried in depth of woods, obscure and dark,
Where pheasants drum, and angry squirrels bark ;
With these (though rain in streaming torrents poured)
Our pilot's pack abundantly we stored ;
And when, at length, the driving tempest cleared,
And through the woods a distant hut appeared,
There, though the sour inhospitable clown
Returned our smiles with many a surly frown,
Compelled by Hunger, that imperious lord,
We cooked our game, and shared our little hoard ;
And left the savage boor, whose looks conveyed
Dark hate and murder every move they made.

Still through rude wilds with silent steps we steer,
Intent on game, all eager eye and ear ;
Each opening turn, each dark recess survey,
Each mouldering heap that round tumultuous lay,
As o'er those Alpine steep's we slowly past ;
But all was silent, solitary, vast !
No sound of distant farm assailed the ear ;
No rising smoke ; no opening fields appear ;
But each high summit gained, the eye was shown
Hills piled on hills in dreary prospect thrown.

So, from the mast, when boisterous tempests roar,
And the tost vessel labors far from shore,
The toil-worn sailor all around him spies
One sea of mountains mingling with the skies.

At length with vast descent we winding go,
And see the river gliding deep below ;
And up the vale, suspended o'er the path,
A sign-board waving o'er the hut beneath ;
The straggling characters with soot portrayed,
Defied a while all efforts that we made ;
At length we spelt this precious piece of lore :
" Pat Dougherty's Hotel and Drygood store."
Blest tidings ! welcome to the wandering wight,
As sheltered harbors in stormy night ;
And thou, sweet Muse ! in lofty numbers tell
The matchless comforts of this log hotel.

Here streams of smoke the entering stranger greet ;
Here man and beast with equal honors meet ;
The cow loud bawling fills the spattered door ;
The sow and pigs grunt social round the floor ;
Dogs, cats, and ducks, in mingling groups appear,
And all that filth can boast of, riots here.
Happy the hungry souls who hither speed !
Here, like camelions, they may freely feed ;
Here champ, with vigorous jaws, the empty air ;
Without a bottom find one broken chair ;
On dirty benches snore the night away,
And rise like thieves upon their judgment day.
Ye threadbare pilgrims ! halt as ye pass by,

This gorgeous store will all your wants supply ;
Three long tobacco-pipes the shelf adorns ;
Two rusty penknives fit to *saw* your corns ;
One rag of calico in musty folds ;
A stick of liquorice-ball for coughs and colds ;
And one half keg of brandy, glorious cheer,
Arrives from Philadelphia once a year.
What boundless wealth ! what can they wish for more
Who such a tavern meet, and such a store ?
To crown the whole—defiled from ear to ear,
Behold the majesty of clouts appear !
The ragged lord of all this costly scene,
Whose hands and face old ocean scarce could clean ;
Whose sun-burnt legs and arms and shoulders bore
What once was coat and trowsers—such no more !
But shapeless fragments, gashed with holes profound,
And rag-formed fringes dangling all around.
Bent o'er a tub that once tobacco knew,
And still from whence the dear effluvia flew,
Pat grumbling stood ; and while he eager viewed
Each nook and seam, the scanty gleanings chewed ;
His busy mouth such savory joys exprest,
That scarce our stifled laughter we supprest.
On this foul mass of misery as we gazed,
The man of rags his brandy loudly praised ;
Leech sought the door, disgusted with the scene,
And Duncan followed, grasping hard his cane ;
Our bard, alone, with pleasure in his face,
Silent surveyed the wonders of the place,
In whose vile groups he but a picture saw,
That all might marvel at, but few could draw.

Though long and rough the road before us rose,
And toil and evening urged us to repose,
Yet were the forest glooms at once preferred
To this vile Hottentot's most beastly herd.
So thence up towering steep's again we scale,
And trace the depths of many a darksome vale ;
While oft some oak's huge, antiquated form,
'That through long ages had defied the storm ;
Whose hollow trunks had lodged the skulking bear,
While owls and 'pessums found concealment there,
Rose like the ruins of some revered pile,
While moss and lichens its hoar arms defile ;
Great in distress it mouldering drops away,
Time's mournful monitor of life's decay.
Night's shades at last descend—the stars appear—
Dull barking dogs proclaim the village near ;
Soon Wyalusing round us we survey,
And finished here the labors of the day.
The inn was silent, not a mortal there,
Before the fire each plants his crazy chair,
When slow down stairs a cautious step was heard,
And Job, the landlord soberly appeared ;
Begged our excuse—bemoaned his luckless lot,
Wife in the straw, and every thing forgot ;
So finding honest Job so hard bestead,
We skinned our squirrels, supped, and went to bed.

The morning dawned, again we took the road,
Each musket shouldered o'er the lightened load,
Through Wyalusing's plains we gaily pass,
'Midst matted fields of rank luxuriant grass.

Here Nature bounteous to excess has been,
Yet loitering hunters scarce a living glean ;
Blest with a soil, that e'en in winter gay,
Would all their toils a hundred fold repay,
Few cultured fields of yellow grain appear ;
Rich fenceless pastures, rot unheeded here.
Huge from the vale the towering walnuts grow,
And wave o'er wretched huts that lie below.
No blossomed orchards scent their opening May ;
No bleating flocks upon their pastures play ;
The wolves, say they, would soon our flocks destroy ;
And planting orchards is a poor employ.
The hungry traveller, dining on this plain,
May ask for fowls, and wish for eggs in vain ;
And while he dines upon a flitch of bear,
To wolves and foxes leave more gentle fare.

Now down through hoary woods we scour along,
Rousing the echoes with our jovial song,
Through paths where late the skulking Indian trod,
Smeared with the infant's and the mother's blood,
Their haunts no more ; far to the setting day
In western woods their prowling parties stray,
Where vast Superior laves his drifted shores,
Or loud Niagara's thundering torrent roars ;
Gaul's exiled royalists, a pensive train,
Here raise the hut and clear the rough domain ;
The way-worn pilgrim to their fires receive,
Supply his wants ; but at his tidings grieve ;
Afflicting news ! forever on the wing,
A ruined country and a murdered king !

Peace to their lone retreats while sheltered here,
May these deep shades to them be doubly dear ;
And Power's proud worshippers, wherever placed,
Who saw such grandeur ruined and defaced,
By deeds of virtue to themselves secure
Those inborn joys, that, spite of kings, endure,
Though thrones and states from their foundations part;
The precious balsam of a blameless heart.

All day up winding solitudes we past,
Steep hung o'er steep, as if at random cast;
Through every opening towering groups were seen
Piled to the clouds, with horrid gulfs between;
Thus (as the bard of old creation sings,
'Mongst other marvellous scenes and mighty things,)
When squabbling angels raised in heaven a roat,
And hills, uprooted, flew like hail about,
Thus looked, in those tremendous days of yore,
Their field of battle when the fight was o'er,
Impending cliffs, with ruined woods o'ergrown,
And mountains headlong over mountains thrown.
One vast pre-eminent ascent we scaled;
And high at last its level summit hailed,
There as we trod along, fatigued and slow,
Through parting woods the clouds appeared below,
And lo! at once before our ravished view,
A scene appeared, astonishing and new.
Close on the brink of an abyss we stood.
Concealed till now by the impending wood,
Below, at dreadful depth, the river lay,
Shrunk to a brook 'midst little fields of hay ;

From right to left, where'er the prospect led,
The reddening forest like a carpet spread,
Beyond, immense, to the horizon's close,
Huge amphitheatres of mountains rose.
Charmed with this spot, our knapsacks we resigned,
And here, like Gods, in airy regions dined ;
Like gods of old the cordial cup we quaffed,
Sung songs to liberty, and joked and laughed ;
Huzza'd aloud—then listened from on high
If haply slumbering Echo would reply.
A long dead pause ensued—at once the sound
In tenfold shouts from distant hills rebound ;
Not Polyphemus' self e'er louder roared,
When burning goads his monstrous visage gored.
Huzza ! huzza ! the echoing mountains cry ;
Huzza ! huzza ! more distant hills reply,
And still more distant till the faint huzza,
In lessening shouts, successive, died away.
Surprised, astonished ! heedless of our meal
We seized our muskets for a nobler peal,
Filled their dark bowels with the glistening grain,
And, facing, pointed to the extended scene,
Then at the word their fiery thunders poured,
That through the wide expanse impetuous roared.
Deep silence hung—The loud returning roar
From bellowing mountains thunders o'er and o'er ;
Peal after peal successive bursts away,
And rolls tremendous o'er the face of day ;
From hill to hill the loud responses fly,
And in the vast horizon lessening die.(24)
Thus from Olympus, o'er a prostrate world,

The fabled Jove his bolts imperious hurled ;
Earth heard, and echoed back the peals profound,
And heaven's exalted regions shook around
With deep reluctance, ne'er to be forgot,
And many a lingering look, we left this spot,
Since called Olympus, worthier of the name
Than that so blazoned by the trump of fame.
Ye souls ! whom nature's glorious works delight,
Who chance to pass o'er this stupendous height,
Here turn aside ; and, if serene the day,
This cliff sublime will all your toils repay ;
Here regions wide your ravished eye will meet,
Hills, rivers, forests, lying at your feet :
Here to Columbia make your muskets roar,
While heaven's artillery thunders back *encore*.

'Twas now dull twilight, trudging on we keep,
Where giddy Breakneck nods above the steep ;
And down the darkening forest slowly steer,
Where woods, receding, showed a dwelling near,
A painted frame, tall barracks filled with hay,
Clean white-washed railings raised along the way,
Young poplars, mixed with weeping willows green,
Rose o'er the gate and fringed the walk within ;
An air of neatness, gracing all around,
Bespoke that courtesy we so quickly found ;
The aged Judge, in grave apparel dressed,
To cushion'd chairs invites each weary guest ;
O'er the rich carpet bids the table rise,
With all the sweets that India's clime supplies ;
And supper served with elegance, the glass

In sober circuit was allowed to pass,
The reverend sire with sons and grandsons round,
Ruddy as health, by summer suns embrowned,
Inquires our road and news with modest mein,
Tells of the countries he himself had seen;
His Indian battles, midnight ambuscades;
Wounds and captivity in forest glades,
And with such winning interesting store,
Of wild-wood tales and literary lore,
Beguiled the evening and engaged each heart,
That though sleep summoned, we were loath to part;
And e'en in bed reposed, the listening ear
Seemed still the accents of the sage to hear.

The morning came; ye gods! how quickly hies
To weary folks the hour when they must rise!
Groping around, we fix our various load,
And full equipt forth issued to the road;
Inured to toil, the woods slide swiftly past;
O'er many an opening farm our eyes we cast.
Here rich flat meadows most luxuriant lie;
Some glowing orchards gladly we espy;
Full loaded peach trees drooping hung around,
Their mellow fruit thick scattered o'er the ground;
Six cents procured us a sufficient store,
Our napkins crammed and pockets running o'er;
Delicious fare! Nor did we prize them less
Than Jews did manna in the wilderness.
Still journeying on, the river's brink we keep,
And pass the Narrows' high and dangerous steep,
That to the clouds like towering Atlas soars,

While deep below the parted river roars.
Beyond its eastern stream, on level lands,
There Athens (once Tioga) straggling stands ;
Unlike that Athens known in days of old,
Where learning found more worshippers than gold,
Here waste, unfinished, their sole schoolhouse lies,
While pompous taverns all around it rise.

Now to the left the ranging mountains bend,
And level plains before us wide extend,
Where rising lone, old Spanish-Hill(25) appears,
The post of war in ancient unknown years ;
Its steep and rounding sides with woods embrowned,
Its level top with old entrenchments crowned ;
Five hundred paces thrice we measure o'er
Ere all their circling boundaries we explore ;
Now evergrown with woods alone it stands,
And looks abroad o'er open fertile lands.
Here on the works we ruminating lay,
Till sudden darkness muffled up the day ;
The threatening storm soon drove us to the plain,
And on we wandered through the woods again.
For many a mile through forests deep we passed,
'Till girdled trees rose to the view at last ;
The fence and field successively appear,
And jumbling cow-bells speak some cottage near ;
Anon the sounding axe, the yelping dogs,
The ploughman's voice, the sight of snorting hogs,
And sudden opening on the ravished eye,
Green fields, green meadows, gardens, orchards, lie
In rich profusion round the cottage neat,

Log-built ; but Peace and Industry's retreat.
Here down green glades the glittering streams descend ;
Here loaded peach trees o'er fences bend ;
Deep flowery pastures clothe the steeps around,
Where herds repose, and playful courses bound,
The groaning cider-press is busy heard,
The fowls loud cackling swarm about the yard,
The snowy geese harangue their numerous brood,
The flapping flail re-echoes through the wood,
And all around that meets the eye or ear,
Proclaims the power that spreads its influence here,
Hail, Rural Industry ! man's sturdiest friend,
To thee each virtue must with reverence bend,
To thee what heart denies spontaneous praise,
From gloomy woods such glorious scenes to raise !
Great giver of God's gifts to man below !
Through whose rough hand all human blessings flow,
Here as in ancient and illustrious Rome,
May chiefs and heroes cheer thy humble home ;
The wise, the brave, from public broils retreat,
To walk with heaven and thee through arbors sweet,
To share thy toils ; thy little plans inspire,
And joke at night around thy glowing fire.
Still, near thy hut, upon thy flowery green,
May Temperance, Hope, and Cheerfulness be seen,
Health, Plenty, Innocence, thy temples crown,
And Peace, each night embosom thee in down,
And still, where'er thy humble roofs arise,
In northern climes, or under burning skies,
May guardian Liberty thy fields enclose,
Befriend thy friends and baffle all thy foes.

Cheered with the rural sweets on every side,
Slow through this charming vale we gaily glide.
Delightful spot ! from stormy winds secured,
By mountains sheltered and in wilds immured ;
Still as we pass rich level fields appear ;
Chemung's huge barns and fertile farms draw near.
How changed those scenes from what so late they were
Ere Freedom's banners waved triumphant here ;
While o'er our coast a powerful foe prevailed,
Here from behind the savages assailed ;
In bloody bands ransacked our weak frontier,
Fire, rapine, murder, marked their fell career.
Amid his corn the gasping planter fell,
Deep sunk the axe and direful rose the yell ;
The midnight cottage, wrapt in sweet repose,
In flaming ruins with the morning rose ;
There slaughtered corpses, babes and fathers lay,
The naked mothers driven 'mid fiends away.
To thee, brave Sullivan ! who scourged this crew,
Thy country's gratitude shall still be due ;
And future ages on these summits rear
Honors to *him* who planted freedom here.

We pause to mark amid this valley green
How changed the tenants, how improved the scene !
Where wretched wigwams late like kennels stood,
Where bark canoes stole skulking o'er the flood,
Where mangled prisoners groaned, and hatchets glared,
And blood-stained savages the fire prepared.
There glittering towns and villages extend,
There floating granaries in fleets descend,

There ploughmen chant, and mowers sweep the soil,
And taverns shine and rosy damsels smile.
Thanks to the brave, who through these forests bore
Columbia's vengeance on the sons of gore ;
Who drove them howling through th' affrighted waste,
Till British regions sheltered them at last.
Here, on the heights, where suddenly arrayed,
These hordes their last despairing effort made, (26)
Where still the mouldering breastwork meets the view,
From whose defence as suddenly they flew,
Here on the approach of night we lodgings found,
And buried all our toils in sleep profound.

The lingering night still hung in drowsy gloom,
Mustering our loads we pace the darkened room,
With tedious groping we find at last the door,
And down the narrow stair our way explore ;
Dull fogs and darkness o'er the country lay ;
But guiding fences pointed out the way.
In cheerful chat we marched along, till morn,
On dewy wings from eastern regions borne,
'Rose on the world, and o'er the landscape gay,
'Midst songs of joyous birds, led on the day.
Two whirring pheasants swept across our path,
And swift as lightning flew the fiery death.
A cloud of quails in rising tumult soar ;
Destruction follows with resounding roar.
From bough to bough the scampering squirrels bound,
But soon, in smoky thunders, bite the ground ;
Life's gushing streams, their sable furs defile,
And Duncan's stick sustains the bloody spoil.

Thus up Tioga's side we thundering steered,
Till Newtown, glittering on its banks appeared;
Where opening hills, retiring, wide display,
On level plains a city rising gay;
Ranged on the northern bank, so smooth and green,
Rich busy stores and waving signs are seen;
With crowding boats that here for freight attend,
And deeply loaded to the sea descend.
Here, when soft Spring dissolves the wastes of snows,
And wide and deep the roaring river flows,
Huge loaded arks (27) rush down the boiling tide,
And winding through wild woods triumphant ride,
Hills, towering steeps and precipices high,
Rich plains and hanging rocks behind them fly;
The watchful pilot every eddy eyes,
As down the torrent's foaming course he flies;
Views, with stern look, the frightful falls disclose,
And down th' outrageous breakers headlong goes;
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
Columbia's (28) harbor shelters them at last.

With lingering steps the busy streets we trace,
Pleased with the prospect of this growing place;
Though now so gay, scarce fifteen years have flown
Since two log huts were all that it could own;
Since waving reeds and scrubby ground-oak grew
Where stores and taverns now arrest the view.
Around the tree where panthers lurked for prey,
Now evening groups of laughing children play;
And churches neat, their pious crowds enclose
Where Indian fires and midnight yells arose.

So wonder-working is the hand of Toil,
When Heav'n has blest and Freedom guards the soil,
And streams so vast their powerful aid bestow
To float down plenty whereso'er they flow.
Now to the north, through open plains, we wind,
And leave the river's bending course behind ;
And now, where level lengthening meadows spread,
Through hazel thickets rapidly we tread,
Here, when descending rain in torrents pour,
And the broad meadows float from shore to shore,
In two wide routes their waters seek the main ;
Part through St. Lawrence meets the sea again,
Part to the south pursues its wandering way,
And rolls to Chesapeake's capacious Bay.(29)

Now dark before us gulfs of pines are seen,
That bear the name still of their Indian Queen ;
Great Catharine's Swamps, that deepening round extend,
Down whose dun glooms we awfully descend ;
Around us thick the crowding pillars soar,
Surpassing all we ever viewed before,
So straight, so tall, so tow'ring side by side,
Each, in itself, appears the forest's pride,
A thousand fleets, with twice ten thousand more,
May here find masts in everlasting store.
Here melancholy monks might moping dwell,
Nor ray of sunshine ever reach their cell
Through the dead twilight reigning horrid here,
In holy groans their relics sad revere.
Great solitary shades ! so still and deep,
Even passing sighs in hollow murmurs creep !

The silence deep, the solemn gloom profound,
The venerable piles that rise around,
Such awe impress, that as we upward gaze,
In whispers low we murmur cur amaze !
Here to the god (30) whose keen voracious brood
Pursue the pilgrim, ravenous for food,
With stump of pine, an altar we uprear,
And round its mouldering roots arranged appear ;
There bread, cheese, meat, with liberal hand we laid,
And, like true priests, devoured the offering made :
The power appeased, in silence soon withdrew,
And left us braced with vigorous life anew.

All day through this deep swamp, in splattered plight,
Begulfed in mire we labored on till night,
When lo, emerging from the opening wood,
'Midst narrow fields a little cottage stood !
A mill hard by in clattering murmur played ;
Before the door a rapid rivulet strayed ;
Trees round the garden bent with apples hung,
And cows and sheep their tinkling music rung.
Sacred to peace it seemed, and calm repose,
And here, well pleased, our night's retreat we chose ;
Approached the door, presenting our request,
The dame's kind looks already bade us rest ;
And soon the landlord, entering with his train,
Confirmed her kindness o'er and o'er again ;
And now the table showed its welcome head,
With cheering fare, and rural dainties spread ;
Green sparkling tea, obscured with floating cream ;
Delicious salmon from the neighboring stream ;

Nice cakes of wheaten flour, so crisp and good,
And piles of honeycombs, ambrosial food !
While in the cheerful looks of all around
A still more pleasing, grateful treat we found.
Our host intelligent, and fond of news,
Long tales of trade and politics pursues ;
The State's enlarging bounds, so mighty grown,
That even the bare extent remains unknown ;
Of Europe's wars, and Bonaparte's glories,
Wolves, rifles, Louisiana, whigs and Tories ;
Of bears and wildcats, many a tale relates,
With every circumstance of place and dates ;
Till leaden sleep our weary eyes assailed,
And spite of eloquence at length prevailed.

The following morning found us on the way,
Through woods of walnut trees conversing gay,
Whose limbs enormous spread sublime around,
Their huge forefathers mouldering on the ground ;
The soil with leaves and showers of nuts was spread,
While millions more hung yellow overhead.
Here maples towered with little troughs below,
From whose gashed sides nectareous juices flow ;
The half-burnt logs, and stakes erected near,
Showed that the sugar camp once flourished here.(31)
Ye generous woodsmen ! let this bounteous tree,
Forever sacred from your axes be ;
O let not mangling wounds its life destroy !
But the nice auger for the axe employ ;
So shall these trees for ages lift their head,
And green and fresh their thickening foliage spread ;

And each returning Spring their tribute pour,
More rich, and more abundant than before.

Now opening woods, in circuit wide, display,
A level vale with lawns and pastures gay,
Where music hailed us from a numerous brood,
The lone bells jumbling through the sounding wood ;
Sheep, oxen, cows, in busy parties strayed,
While snorting steeds our passing steps surveyed ;
Surrounding hills this peaceful place inclose,
And form a scene of sheltered sweet repose.(32)
Ah ! melancholy scene, (though once so dear)
To the poor Indian haply wandering here,
Whose eye forlorn, amid the gushing flood,
Beholds the spot where once his wigwam stood,
Where warrior's huts in smoky pride were seen,
His nation's residence ! his native green !
Methinks, e'n now, where you red maples play,
The black-haired wanderer slowly bends his way,
And pensive stops, and heaves the stifled sigh,
As well known objects meet his rueful eye ;
No words escape him, but while memory grieves,
These gloomy thoughts his burdened heart relieves.

“ O happy days ! for ever, ever gone !
When these deep woods to white men were unknown ;
Then the Great Spirit gave us from on high,
A plain broad path, and unclouded sky ;
Then herds of deer in every thicket lay ;
Peace blest our nights, and Plenty crowned our day ;
But now dark clouds around our nation rear,

The path is lost ! we see the sun no more ;
A poor lone wanderer here unhappy raves,
Returned once more to see his father's graves ;
Where all he sees bereaves his heart of rest,
And sinks like poisoned arrows in his breast.

“ Here stood the tree, beneath whose awful shade,
Our aged chiefs the nation's welfare weighed ;
In these sweet woods my early days I spent,
There through the hare, the quivering arrow sent ;
Or, stealing wary by that creek so clear,
Transfixed the struggling salmon with my spear.
Here rose our fires in many a towering flame,
When the young hunters found abundant game ;
The feast, the dance, whole days and nights employ,
These hills resounding with our screams of joy.
There, on that bank our painted warriors stood,
Their keen knives reddened with the white men's blood ;
Now all is lost ! and sacrilege is spread !
And ploughs profane the mansions of the dead !
Our warriors wander on a distant shore,
And strangers triumph where they begged before.”
Indignant sorrow rushes on his soul,
And in wild agony his eye-balls roll ;
Wrapt in his rug, the forest he regains,
A homeless exile on his native plains.

Howe'er stern Prejudice these woes may view,
A tear to Nature's tawny sons is due ;
The same false virtue and ambitious fire,
Which nations idolize, and kings admire,

Provoke the white man to the bloody strife,
And bid the Indian draw his deadly knife;
'The glory ours, in victory to save,
His, still to glut with every foe the grave;
Nor age, nor sex, his country's foe avails,
So strong his passion o'er the rest prevails;
And equal woes must wring his manly heart,
From native shades forever forced to part.

Through this sweet vale, that wooded hills enclose,
A clear deep stream in glassy silence flows; (33)
There sportive trout disturb the dimpling tide,
And shoals of salmon, pike and suckers glide;
Thick vines and sycamores in rich array,
Bend o'er its banks, and mark its winding way;
Gigantic walnuts, bare and blasted rise (34)
And stretch their bleached arms midway to the skies,
There sits the hawk, (35) inured to feasts of blood,
Watching the scaly tenants of the flood;
Or listening, pensive, to the distant roar
Of yon white falls that down the mountain pour;
Thence to the lake broad level marshes spread,
Where close rank reeds conceal the muskrat's bed;
Above, around, in numerous flocks are seen
Long lines of ducks o'er this their favorite scene;
Some to the lake in wedged divisions bend;
Some o'er the creek in lengthening showers descend.
Ah, how could sportsmen such a sight survey
Nor seek to share the pleasures of the day?
Do well-drest beauties shun theatric walls?
Or sleeps the swain when his own sweetheart calls?

A skiff and paddles near the landing lay,
Two striplings proffered to conduct my way,
Fixed in the bow for slaughter I prepare,
The deadly barrels ready poised in air;
Slow round an opening point we softly steal,
Where four large ducks in playful circles wheel,
The far-famed canvass-backs(36) at once we know,
Their broad flat bodies wrapt in pencilled snow;
The burnished chestnut o'er their necks that shone,
Spread deepening round each breast a sable zone;
Wary they gaze—our boat in silence glides,
The slow-moved paddles steal along the sides;
Quick flashing thunders rear along the flood,
And three lie prostrate vomiting their blood!
The fourth aloft on whistling pinions soared,
One fatal glance the fiery thunders poured,
Prone drops the bird amid the dashing waves,
And the clear stream his glossy plumage laves.
Now all around us rising trains appear,
Wild whistling wings on every hand we hear!
Th' alarm of death amid their legions spread,
In files immense they winnow overhead;
Hoarse heavy geese scream up the distant sky,
And all the thunders of our boat defy;
Close under rustling vines we skulking glide,
Till the loud uproar and alarm subside;
Here grapes delicious, clustering, hung around,
'The mother vines through bending birches wound;
Not richer ripen on Vesuvius' side,
'Than here spontaneous nodded o'er the tide.

Now all again is silent and serene,
Slow glides our skiff along the glassy scene,
O'er the flat marsh we mark the plovers(37) sweep.
And, clustering close, their wheeling courses keep,
Till like a tempest, as they past us roar,
Whole crowds descend, to rise again no more;
Prone on the sand, the snowy tribe are spread,
Then hove on board, and piled among the dead.
Beyond a point, just opening to the view,
A fleet of ducks(38) collect their scattered crew,
Part, soon alarmed, with sudden splattering soar,
The rest remaining seek the farther shore;
There, 'cross a neck, concealed by sheltering vines,
Down the smooth tide I view their floating lines,
With sudden glance the smoky vengeance pour,
And death and ruin spread along the shore!
The dead and dying mingling, float around,
And loud the shoutings of my guides resound.

But now the Lake(39) wide opening spreads below,
Bright o'er its smooth expanse the sun-beams glow,
There downward skies in concave vast appear,
And circling wide complete one boundless sphere;
Far spreading forests from its shores ascend;
And tow'ring headlands o'er the flood impend;
These, deep below, in softened tints are seen,
Where Nature smiles upon herself serene,
O lovely scenes! In ecstacy I cried,
'That sink to nothing all the works of pride!
What are the piles that puny mortals rear,
'Their temples, towers, however great or fair,

'Their mirrors, carpets, tapestry, and state,
'The nameless toys that Fashion's fools create,
'To this resplendent dome of earth and sky,
Immensely stretched! immeasurably high!
'Those yellow forests, tinged with glowing red,
So rich around in solemn grandeur spread,
Where, here and there, in lazy columns rise,
The woodman's smoke, like incense to the skies!
This heaven-reflecting Lake, smooth, clear, profound,
And that primæval peace that reigns around!
As well may worms compare with souls divine,
As Art, O NATURE! match her works with thine.

Now high in heav'n the hastening sun had sped,
My comrades, too, were trudging far ahead,
Piled at my feet enough for carnage lay,
So slow to shore we cut our liquid way,
'There, where a hill the level marsh confines,
Lifts its rough front, and o'er the Lake reclines,
Where glittering through the trees that rise below,
A brawling cataract falls in sheets of snow,
Prone from the precipice, and steals unseen,
Through birchen thickets to the lake serene,
While softened echoes join in cadence sweet,
And sheltering scenery form a blest retreat;
'There on the slaty shore, my spoils I spread,
Ducks, plover, teal, the dying and the dead;
Two snow-white storks,(40) a crane of tawny hue,
Stretched their long necks amid the slaughtered crew.
A hawk,(41) whose claws, white tail, and dappled
breast,

And eye, his royal pedigree confest;
Snipes, splendid summer-ducks,(42) and divers wild,
In one high heap triumphantly I piled;
Then joining heads that ne'er were joined before,
Across my gun the feathery burden bore;
Sought out the path that scaled the mountain's side,
Farewell! "Goodbye!" the smiling youngers cried;
Up through th' incumbent shades I took my way,
They to their boat with glittering dollar gay.

The day was hot, the load of ponderous size,
To heaven's own gates the mountain seemed to rise;
Large ruined logs the winding labyrinth crost,
And soon the path in tangling brush was lost.
Up these rough steeps I bore my plunder through,
That still more prized and more oppressive grew,
Till, drenched with sweat, I gained the mountain's head,
And steered as chance or blind conjecture led;
Filled the deep forest with the shouts I made,
That died, unanswered, through the distant shade;
While startled squirrels, mounting in affright,
Looked down, and chattered, at th' alarming sight.
At length two guns, that made the mountain roar,
Produced an answering peal from those before;
And ten long miles in doubt and drudgery past,
I reached my comrade's and the road at last;
Where peals of mirth succeeding their amaze,
They shared my load, and loaded me with praise.

Beyond the woods where Erie's waves extend,
Behold, once more, the setting sun descend;

Lone chirping crickets hail the coming night,
And bats around us wheel their giddy flight;
The drumming pheasant vibrates on the ear;
The distant forests dimly disappear.
Slow sinks the day; and through the impending woods,
Night spreads her wings, and deepening darkness
 broods.

A death-like silence reigns the forest through;
At last the path evanishes from view.
Here as we stoop, our dubious course to steer,
Inhuman screams at once assail our ear;
The hollow, quivering, loud repeated howl,
Full overhead, betrays the haggard owl;
Who, well for her, in muffling darkness past,
Else this heart-sinking scream had been her last.

Thus through the forest, wrapt in deepest shade,
Beneath black arms of towering oaks we strayed,
At solemn intervals the peace profound
Disturbed by rattling nuts that dropt around.
Shrill, wildly issuing from a neighboring height,
The wolf's deep howlings pierce the ear of night;
From the dark swamp he calls his skulking crew,
Their nightly scenes of slaughter to renew;
Their mingling yells sad savage woes express,
And echo dreary through the dark recess.
Steady along through swamps and pools we went;
The way-worn foresters fatigued and faint,
Scrambling o'er fallen logs that fractured lay,
Or stunned by viewless boughs that crossed our way;
While glaring round, through roots and stumps decayed,

Phosphoric lights their pallid gleams displayed.
Sudden a horrid human shriek we hear,
That shot its terrors through our startled ear ;
“ Ha ! are you there ! ” the watchful Duncan cried,
“ Halt ! fix your bayonets, and look out ahead ! ”
A second scream announced the panther nigh,
The dark woods echoing back the rueful cry ;
Still as the grave suspending every breath,
Steady we stood to mark its passing path,
Prepared, and eager for one deadly aim,
To pour destruction through its tawny frame ;
But vain our listening ; nothing seemed awake,
Save the lone murmur of the neighboring lake ;
All else lay dead and silent as before ;
And even the distant wolf was heard no more.

Amidst this deep Egyptian darkness lost,
Our faithful pilot ne'er forsook his post ;
But knew, or seemed to know, each swamp and pond,
And kept his steady course unerring on.
Behold ! in front, a spreading radiance gleams !
Wide glowing, ruddy and immense it seems,
Such as the rising moon's broad orb bestows,
When up night's starry vault she solemn goes,
Each moment brightening, lo ! to our amaze,
The woods on fire in ardent fury blaze ;
Dark trees before us of gigantic size,
In deeper shades in gloomy pomp arise ;
The flames beyond, ascending with them bear
Thick clouds of sparkling smoke that fill the air.

Approaching near, it opes in dread display,
Diffusing round the effulgency of day ;
Where, glad to view each other's looks again,
We stand contemplating this furious scene ;
Here piles of logs like furnaces appear,
The rows of underbrush rage far and near ;
Huge tow'ring oaks amid this sea of fire,
Descend in thunders, and in flames expire ;
Or, blazing high, with burning gaps imprest,
Rain showers of fire, infectious on the rest,
Loud roar the flames, the crackling branches fly,
And black behind the smoky ruins lie.

Thus some fair city, pride of many an age,
Gleams with the light of war's devouring rage,
Through its high domes the flaming torrents pour,
And naked turrets o'er the burnings lour ;
The midnight sky reflects the dreadful blaze,
The foe at distance, with enjoyment gaze,
Exult to find their vengeance well employed,
The works of ages in one night destroyed.
So looked the woodman, who behind us stood,
Begrimed with soot, in tattered garments rude,
On pitchfork leaning, hailed with "How d'ye do?"
And looked like Lucifer just risen to view ;
At Duncan's voice, advancing, stood amazed,
And each on other for a moment gazed,
"What Johnny!" "Duncan!" "Bless my heart so
near!
"How glad our folks will be to see you here!"
Kind invitations now were not forgot,

And through corn-fields we followed to his cot,
Their "O's!" and "Dears!" and salutations o'er,
The pondrous knapsacks sunk upon the floor;
Seats, quickly ranged, our weary limbs invite,
And kind inquiries all our toils requite;
And while our meal a young brunette prepared,
The ancient father's humorous jokes we shared,
Though ninety years had silvered o'er his head,
Yet life's green vigor seemed but little fled;
The burning woods that late before us blazed,
His axe had levelled, and his hand-spike raised;
None laughed more hearty, sung with livelier glee,
Or joked, or told a merrier tale than he;
Kind, cheerful, frank; in youth a sailor brave,
"Now bound for brighter worlds beyond the grave."
Two favorite sons, obliging, open, mild,
With wild wood anecdotes the hours beguiled;
Produced their rifles, sedulous to please,
Described their farm, their horses, harvest, bees,
While a whole hive, the crowded garden's boast,
Crowned our repast, and spoke the generous host.
To Jonny's joke succeeded William's tale,
Sweet Mary served with many a witching smile,
And thou Devotion, wert a kindred guest,
Of all our joys the noblest and the best;
Around, convened with David's holy lays,
In solemn strains awake our evening praise;
The kneeling father's fervent prayers ascend,
"O be the strangers' comfort guide and friend;
Their trust, their guardian, wheresoe'er they go,
To view thy greatness in thy works below;

O leave them not! but their Director be,
To that last stage that leads them home to Thee!"
Such pious goodness, aged worth so dear,
The trembling voice that spoke the soul sincere,
With thoughts unspeakable my mind oppress,
Till tears relieved the tumult of my breast:
And all to rest retired, and silence deep,
To lose the hardships of the day in sleep.

By bawling calves and jumbling bells awake;
We start amazed to see the morning broke,
Such blest oblivion balmy sleep bestows
Where toil-worn Industry and Peace repose.
Geese, turkeys, ducks, a noisy, numerous brood,
Mingle their gabblings with the echoing wood,
Through whose tall pillard trees, extending blue,
The lake Cayuga(43) caught our ravished view.
Soon on its oak-crowned banks sublime we stood,
And viewed, from right to left, its lengthened flood,
Of vast extent, pure, glassy and serene,
Th' adjacent shores and skirting huts were seen,
The eye could mark the whitened frames, the car
Faint sounds of barking dogs remotely hear.

Hither before, our liberal friends had sent
Whate'er of stores we voyagers might want,
Filled all our wallets, pressed us to take more,
And side by side conveyed us to the shore;
There the good father grasped each traveller's hand,
His sons and family mingling o'er the strand,

“Farewell!” “Goodbye!” “God bless you!” was
the cry,

The tears of friendship swelling in each eye.
Charmed with a love so free, so nobly shown,
His clubbed fuzee across his shoulder thrown,
Our pilgrim bard the parting group addressed,
And thus his gratitude and ours expressed :

“For all your goodness, hospitable friends !
We gladly would but cannot make amends ;
All that we can we humbly offer here,
Our dearest wishes, ardent and sincere ;
Long with success may all your toils be blest,
And each rich harvest rival all that’s past ;
Long may your glittering axe, with strength applied,
The circling bark from massy trunks divide,
Or wheeled in air while the wide woods resound,
Bring crashing forests thundering to the ground ;
Long may your fires in flaming piles ascend,
And girdled trees their wintry arms extend ;
Your mighty oxen drag the logs away,
And give the long hid surface to the day :
While fields of richest grain and pasture good
Shall wave where Indians strayed and forests stood ;
And as you sweat the rustling sheaves among,
Th’ adjoining woods shall echo to your song.
These are the scenes of truest joys below,
From these health, peace and independence flow ;
Blest with the purest air, and richest soil,
What generous harvests recompense your toil !
Here no proud lordling lifts his haughty crest ;

No tinsel'd scoundrel tramples the distress;
No thief in black demands his tenth in sheaves;
But man from God abundantly receives.
In rustic dress you range the echoing wood,
Health makes you gay, and simple manners good;
Society's best joys your bosoms know,
And plenty's smiling cup without its wo.
Farewell, good friends! be virtue still your guide,
Still scorn injustice, cruelty and pride,
Whate'er be your pursuits, whate'er your care,
Let temperance, peace and industry be there;
From these, want, pain, and care, and ruin fly,
And half the ills that teach mankind to sigh.
Fear not success! though one attempt should fail,
Fate yields when strength and constancy assail;
Store up your harvests, sow your winter grain,
Prepare your troughs the maple's juice to drain,
Then, when the wintry north outrageous blows,
And nought is seen but one wide waste of snows,
Ascend the fleeting sleigh, and like the wind,
Scour o'er the hills and leave the wood behind,
Along the drifted swamps and mountains high,
O'er rocks and narrows(44) make your horses fly,
Shoot o'er the Susquehanna's frozen face,
And bleak Wyoming's lofty hills retrace;
Nor let the hunter's hut, or venison stale,
Or his loved bottle, or his wond'rous tale,
Of deer and bear your lingering steeds detain;
But swift descend, and seek the southern plain;
There where the clouds of Philadelphia rise,
And Gray's flat bridge across the Schuylkill lies;

There shall your grateful friends with choicest store,
And hearts o'erflowing welcome you once more ;
There friendship's purest joys will crown the whole,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Our boat now ready and our baggage stored,
Provisions, mast, and oars and sails aboard,
With three loud cheers that echoed from the steep,
We launched our skiff Niagara to the deep ;
The shores recede—the oars resounding play,
Fleet through th' unruffled flood we scour away,
Till Evening sweet suspends her starry veil,
And all around her sparkling orbs prevail.
There, high in front, the Bear's bright splendors glow,
His answering glories gild the deep below.
Profound and vast, and, as we onward glide,
Dance on the bosom of the dimpling tide.
Lone Night and listening Silence seemed to sleep
On the smooth surface of the glistening deep ;
Save where the ducks in rising thousands soar,
Leaving the dark expanse with lengthened roar,
That like a cataract bursts from legions near,
And dies in distance on the vacant ear.
Meantime young Duncan, as the oar he plies,
With voice melodious bids the song arise,
The theme Columbia, her sublime increase,
"Blest land of Freedom, happiness and peace,
Far, far removed from Europe's murderous scene,
A wide, a friendly waste of waves between,
Where strangers driv'n by tyranny to roam,
Still find a nobler and a happier home.

Hail blest asylum ! happy country hail !
O'er thee may truth ; but never foe, prevail."
From neighboring shores, and cliffs that o'er them rise,
The listening spirit of the lake replies,
And in responses sweet, and accents plain,
Repeats each period of th' inspiring strain.

Now like dull stars the lighted bridge(45) appears,
Beneath it soon our little vessel steers,
Where, snugly moored, we passed away the night,
And weighed next morning by the peep of light.
Here the clear lake contracts its straightened floods,
And winds a deepened stream, through level woods ;
In vain our tow'ring mast for soundings tries,
Beyond its utmost depth the bottom lies ;
Yet so transparent its pure waters flow,
We marked the smallest leaf that lay below.
Ducks, whistling past, like meteors fill the air,
Our fatal guns pursue them deadly there,
Glanced from the eye the thundering tubes rebound,
Fluttering they fall, and flap, and scream around.
Here from the shore, low marshes wide expand,
Where bare and bleak the little salt-works (46) stand,
There numerous pits their briny treasures yield,
And pumps and tunnels checker all the field ;
Whether old Neptune these blest springs supplies,
Or deep below the massy substance lies,
Let idlers guess ; while nobler souls revere
The all providing Power who raised them here.

Beneath mild sunshine as we onward glide,

Flat moss-clad forests rise on either side;
High 'midst the leafless multitude is seen
The dark majestic pine in deepest green;
The snow white sycamores, that love to drink
The passing stream and skirt the river's brink,
Wide o'er the flood their arms, capacious, throw,
To meet their softened forms that lie below.
Still files of ducks in streaming thousands pour,
At every bend their rising torrents roar,
'Till near Musquito point their flocks decrease
Where night o'ertook us, and we moored in peace.
High rose its banks, and on its rugged height,
A small log hovel shone with glimmering light,
Here one lone woman and a boy we found,
The trapper absent on his usual round,
On board his skiff had sailed, six days ago,
To try his luck some twenty miles below.
'This solitary hut, small, cheerless, rude,
Amid vast swamps and wildernesses stood,
Where nightly horrors banished oft repose.
Such savage cries from wolves and panthers rose;
Even round the bolted door the woman said,
At midnight frequent she could hear their tread.
The fire blazed bright; around us we surveyed
The pendent furs with which it was arrayed;
A sacred horse-shoe, guardian of the whole,
Terror of sprites profane, and witches foul,
Dread, powerful talisman, 'gainst imps unknown!
Nailed o'er the door in silent mystery shone.
Just as the dame her glowing hearth had cleared,
The ragged owner of the hut appeared,

Laden with skins, his traps around him slung,
 Two dead rackoons across his shoulder hung;
 Muskrats and 'possums in each hand he bore;
 A large brown otter trailed along the floor;
 And as he soused them down with surly gloom,
 The skunk's abhorred effluvia filled the room. (47)
 "Friends, how d'ye do? Well wife, how come you on?
 How fare the calves?" "Why three of them are gone!"
 "Three!—Ah, these wolves! they'll eat up house and
 hall!

And have they killed the sheep?" "They have." "What,
all?"

"Yes all." : : "I thought it would be so.
 Well, now they're at an end let them go."
 So said he whets his knife to skin his store,
 While heaps of red raw carrion fill the floor.
 As morning dawned, our little skiff we trimmed,
 And through the misty flood with vigor skimmed;
 Now, gliding smooth, we hail with songs the morn;
 Now, down white boiling breakers headlong borne,
 Again enclosed the gray wood round us rise,
 We pass where Cross Lake green and stagnant lies,
 And mark the snakes, amid their wat'ry way,
 With head erect our dipping oars survey.
 Dead lie the lonely woods, and silent shore,
 As Nature slept, and mankind were no more.
 How drear! how desolate to ear and eye!
 What awful solitudes around us lie!
 Sad were his fate, too dreadfully severe,
 For life condemned to linger hopeless here;
 From such lone thoughts of gloomy exiled wo,

All human ties forever to forego ;
The heart shrinks back, dejected and dismayed,
And owns that man for social joys was made.
Yet still, what'er our doubtful hearts may say,
Even Nature's self to habit will give way,
And these vast solitudes, so deep and drear,
As more frequented might become more dear.

On yonder island, opening by degrees,
Behold the blue smoke mounting through the trees !
'There, by his fire, 'mid sheltering brush obscured,
His bark canoe along the margin moored,
With lank jet locks that half his face conceal,
The Indian hunter eats his morning meal.
Stakes rudely reared his little pot suspend,
Amid the smoke his busy partners bend,
Beyond, sly peeping, fearful to be seen,
'Two copper chubs their favorite shell-barks glean.
Another night another hut supplies,
In half an hour the crazy fabrics rise ;
The roof with bark, the floor with spruce bespread,
The stakes around with skins and venison clad ;
At our approach suspicion lours his eye,
That scarce regards us gliding swiftly by.
His life how simple, and his wants how few !
A blanket, leggins, rifle, and canoe,
Knife, hatchet, mockasins,—not much beside,
And all beyond to him is empty pride.

O'er these lone swamps the Muse impatient flies,
Where mightier scenes and nobler prospects rise,

Nor stoops, in dull rehearsal to detail
Each roaring rapid and each adverse gale,
What vagrant tribes, what islands met our view ;
How down Oswego's foaming Falls we flew,
Now plunging in our sinking bark to save,
Now headlong hurried down th' outrageous wave ;
How through the still clear flood, with sounding oars,
We swept, and hailed with songs the echoing shores.
These had their pleasures, and perhaps their fears ;
But terrors fly when daring courage steers.
A thousand toils, a thousand dangers past,
The long-expected Lake appears at last,
Seen through the trees, like Ocean's boundless blue,
Huzza ! huzza ! ONTARIO is in view !

With flying hats we hail the glorious spot,
And every care and every fear's forgot.
So, when of old we crossed th' Atlantic waves,
And left a land of despots and of slaves,
With equal joy COLUMBIA'S shores we spied,
And gave our cares and sorrows to the tide.

Here, ere we lanch the boundless deep along,
Surrounding scenes demand their share of song.

Mark yon bleak hill, where rolling billows break,
Just where the river joins the spacious lake,
High on its brow, deserted and forlorn,
Its bastions levelled, and its buildings torn,
Stands Fort Oswego ; (48) there the winds that blow
Howl to the restless surge that groans below ;

'There the lone sentry walked his round ; or stood,
'To view the sea-fowl coursing o'er the flood ;
'Midst night's deep gloom shrunk at the panther's howl
And heard a foe in every whooping owl.
Blest times for soldiers ! times, alas, not near,
When foes like these are all they have to fear ;
When man to man will mutual justice yield,
And wolves and panthers only stain the field.

'Those straggling huts that on the left appear,
Where boats and ships their crowded masts uprear,
Where fence, or field, or cultured garden green,
Or the blessed plough, or spade were never seen,
Is old Oswego ; once renowned in trade,
Where numerous tribes their annual visits paid,
From distant wilds, the beaver's rich retreat,
For one whole moon they trudged with weary feet ;
Piled their rich furs within the crowded store,
Replaced their packs, and plodded back for more.
But time and war have banished all their trains,
And nought but potash, salt, and rum remains.
'The beisterous boatman, drunk but twice a day,
Begg of the landlurd ; but forgets to pay ;
Pledges his salt a cask for every quart,
Pleased thus for poison, with his pay to part.
From morn to night here noise and riot reign ;
From night to morn 'tis noise and roar again.

Around us now Ontario's ocean lay,
Rough rose its billows, crown'd with foaming spray,
'The grim north-east in roaring fury blew,

And our frail bark, deep dashing labored through ;
Our blanket-sail, and feeble sapling mast,
Drank the rough waves, and quivered in the blast,
A friendly sloop for Queenstown(49) harbor bound,
While night's foul hurricanes were gathering round,
Beheld our danger, saw our numbers few,
And for our boat received its willing crew ;
Both safe on board they trim their thundering sail,
The boom and main-sheet bending to the gale.
Hard by the helm th' experienced master stood,
And, far to windward, eyed the whitening flood,
Saw in the east the coming tempest lour,
On night's black wings impetuous to devour ! (50)
Her roaring bow the boiling spray divides,
Two foaming torrents sweep along the sides,
Reef after reef retrench the straining sail,
And the racked vessel staggers in the gale ;
Now up th' outrageous wave's high steep we go,
Now plunge down headlong in the gulf below,
Slow rising, shivering through tempestuous clouds,
That howled like demons in the whizzing shrouds.
Down in the cabin by the uproar driven,
Headless of all the warring winds of heaven,
Sick, groaning, speechless, and unfit to pray,
Our three pale *foresters* inglorious lay ;
Groan answered groan ; while at each desperate three
The deep bilge-water churned and roared below.
Sad night of sickness, tumult, fears and hopes,
Of rearing surges, and of rattling ropes,
Heart-reading reachings, tossings to and fro,
And all the horrors land-born lubbers know.

At length the morn arose, the storm withdrew,
And fair the breeze with steady vigor blew.

First upon deck, our bard, uncheered with sleep,
Gazed silent round upon the shoreless deep,
From whose vast bosom, where the orient glows,
'The glorious sun in reddening pomp arose.
'The cold camboose with blazing faggots filled,
And, though in culinary lore unskilled,
Fry'd the nice venison, well with onions stored,
And summoned Leech and Duncan to the board.
Slow from the cabin mount the staggering pair,
Pale their changed cheeks, and wild their haggard air.
So look two ghosts that 'Tyburn's tree attend,
When the last signal calls them to ascend.
Soon as the sav'ry steams their nostrils gain,
They sicken, heave, and stagger down again,

Bold hearted Duncan ! who'd have dreamt to see
'This pale Sea-spectre fix her fangs on thee ?
On thee, who dauntless down the torrent's course,
'Midst rocks and foam, defied its roaring force ;
Still first the dangers of the chase to share,
'To pierce the panther, or o'erwhelm the bear ;
And at the joyous feast that crowned the whole,
With mirth and songs to elevate each soul.

"Cheer, comrades, cheer ! deliverance is at hand !
"Lo ! on the lee-bow lies the hazy land !"
Loud hailed the bard. At once, in cheerful mood,
Firm upon deck the active Duncan stood ;

The wide expanse with freshend looks he eyed,
 And "Who's afraid?" in sportive humor cried.
 Meantime the gale our flying vessel bore,
 On wings of wind, full thirteen knots an hour;
 And, just as day its closing light withdrew,
 Niagara's light-house opened on our view,
 Its star-like radiance shone with steady ray,
 Like Venus lingering in the rear of day.
 By slow degrees the sinking breezes die,
 And on the smooth still flood we logging lie.

Roused by the mourning, and the neighboring drum,
 Swift upon deck with eager eyes we come,
 There, high in air, (the fortress full in view) (51)
 Our star-crowned stripes in waving triumph flew.
 Hail, sacred flag! to sons of Freedom dear,
 Thy country's valor reared thine honors here;
 Eternal blessings crown her rich increase,
 Her *bands of union* and her *stars of peace*.

Before us now the opening river pours,
 Through gradual windings and projecting shores;
 Smooth slopes the green where Newark's village lies,
 There, o'er their fort, (52) the British ensign flies.
 "From whence?" they hail; we shout with trumpet's
 sound,
 "From Fort Oswego; up to Queenstown bound."
 "What news?" "The Speedy's pump on board we
 hear,
 "The sole found fragment of that sad affair."
 Th' increasing distance drowns their faint reply,

And up the adverse stream we foaming fly.

Now full in front the Ridge(53) its height uprears,
Its high, grim gap, like some vast cave appears ;
Thick wheel strong eddies, marked with whirling foam,
As from this gloomy chasin they hurrying come ;
Low at its foot, with stores and gardens gay,
Close, snugly sheltered, little Queenstown lay ;
Here night once more her shadows o'er us throw,
And, safely moored, we bid our bark adieu.

Long seemed the night ; impatient of repose,
By day's first dawn delighted we arose ;
A day replete with scenes sublime and new
About to burst on our astonished view.
Sweet rose the morning, silent and serene,
No vagrant cloud, or stirring leaf was seen,
The sun's warm beams with dazzling radiance glow,
And glittering dance upon the flood below,
Soon full equipt the towering ridge we scale,
Thence, gazing back, a boundless prospect hail.

Far in the east Ontario's waters spread,
Vast as the Ocean in his sky-bound bed.
Bright through the parted plain that lay between,
Niagara's deep majestic flood was seen ;
The right a wilderness of woods displayed,
Fields, orchards, woods, were on the left arrayed.
There, near the lake's green shore, above the flood,
The tall, white light-house like a column stood.
O'er each grim fort, high waving to the view,

Columbia's stars, and Britain's crosses flew.
Thus two stern champions watch each other's eye,
And mark each movement ready to let fly.

Up to the ridge's top, high winding led,
There on a flat, dry plain, we gaily tread,
And stop, and list, with throbbing hearts to hear
The long-expected cataract to meet the ear;
But list in vain. Though five short miles ahead,
All sound was hushed and every whisper dead.(51)

"'Tis strange," said Duncan, "here the sound might reach."

"'Tis all an April errand," answered Leech.

"Men to make books a thousand tales devise,

And nineteen twentieths are a pack of lies.

Here, three long weeks by storms and famine beat,

With sore bruised backs, and lame and blistered feet,

Here, nameless hardships, griefs and miseries past,

We find some *mill-dam* for our pains at last.

Once safe at home, kicked, cudgelled let me be

If e'er a bookmaker makes a fool of me."

He spoke and groaned; for, heedless of his wo,

A stubborn stump assailed his corny toe,

Stunned with the stroke, he grinned and hopped around,

While peals of mirth and laughter loud resound.

Heavy and slow, increasing on the ear,
Deep through the woods a rising storm we hear,
Th' approaching gust still loud and louder grows,
As when the strong north-east resistless blows,

Or black tornado, rushing through the wood,
Alarms th' affrighted swains with uproar rude.
Yet the blue heavens displayed their clearest sky,
And dead below the silent forests lie;
And not a breath the slightest leaf assailed;
But all around tranquility prevailed.
"What noise is that?" we ask with anxious mein,
A dail salt driver passing with his team;
"Noise! noise!—why nothing that I hear or see,
But Niagara falls.—Pray whereabouts live ye?"

All looked amazed; yet not untouched with fear,
Like those who first the battle's thunders hear,
Till Duncan said, with grave, satiric glee—
"Lord, what a monstrous *mill-dam* that must be!"
Leech blushed assent; while, as we nearer drew,
The loudening roar more harsh and heavy grew.
Awe-struck sensations now all speech repress,
And expectation throbbed in every breast.

Now from the woods immersing into day,
Before us fields, and farms, and orchards lay,
The sloping hills a hollow vale disclose,
Whence hurrying clouds of boiling smoke arose,
Till in one congregated column thrown,
On whose bright side a glorious rainbow shone,
High in the heavens it reared its towering head,
And o'er the day its train gigantic led.(55)
Beyond its base, there like a wall of foam,
Here in a circling gulf unbroken thrown,
With uproar hideous, first the Falls appear,

The stunning tumult thundering on the ear.
Above, below, wher'er the astonished eye
Turns to behold, new opening wonders lie,
Till to a steep's high brow unconscious brought,
Lost to all other care of sense or thought,
There the broad river like a lake outspread,
The islands, rapids, falls, in grandeur dread,
The heaps of boiling foam, th' ascending spray,
The gulf profound, where dazzling rainbows play,
This great, o'erwhelming work of awful Time,
In all its dread magnificence sublime,
Rose on our view, amid a crashing roar
That bade us kneel, and Time's great God adore.

As when o'er tracks immense of deserts drear,
Through dangerous nations, and 'midst toils severe,
Day after day condemned a war to wage
With thirst and hunger, men and lions rage.
Noon's burning heat, and nights distressing cold,
Arabian pilgrims Mecca's walls behold ;
Those holy walls, whose sacred roof contains
Mahomet's tomb—their prophet's blest remains,
Past sufferings vanish, every sigh's suppress,
A flood of rapture rises in each breast,
All hearts confess an awful joy serene,
And humbly bow before the glorious scene.
Such were our raptures, such the holy awe
That swelled our hearts at all we heard and saw ;
Fixed to the rock, like monuments we stood,
On its flat face, above th' outrageous flood,
There, while our eyes th' amazing whole explored,

The deep loud roar our loudest voice deveoured.

High o'er the wat'ry uprear, silent seen,
Sailing sedate, in majesty serene,
Now 'midst the pillard spray sublimely lost,
And now, emerging, down the rapids tost,
Swept the gray eagles, gazing calm and slow,
On all the horrors of the gulf below ;
Intent, alone, to sate themselves with blood,
From the tern victims of the raging flood.

Whate'er the weather, or where'er the gale,
Here ceaseless haze and flying rains prevail ;
Down bend the boughs, with weight of moisture borne,
Each bush, each tree, the dazzling drops adorn ;
Save when the deep winter's fiercest rigors blow,
Then falls the whirling spray in silent snow ;
While the dew-drops to icicles are changed,
In glittering pendent parallels arranged.
Then, too, amid the Falls, stupendous rise
Bright icy pillars of prodigious size !
As if some pile, immense, of Greece or Rome,
Where deep engulfed within their hideous womb.

Drenched to the skin, our baggage down we throw,
Fixed to descend into the gulf below,
Amid whose wreck, and from whose depth profound,
Some new resource for wonder might be found ;
Along the dreadful verge we cautious steered,
Till the tall ladder's tottering top appeared ; (53)
A tree's projecting root its weight sustains,

The dread abyss wheels round our giddy brains ;
Leech, like a bird, with the whole gulf in view,
Down its slight slippery bars regardless flew ;
The bard came after, not devoid of fear,
And Duncan, gay and laughing, closed the rear ;
The cumb'rous weight its bending sides assails,
It yields ! it cracks ! its whole foundation fails !
Fear, swift as light, the rocks' grim pavement stains
With mangled limbs, and blood, and spattered brains ;
But firm above the roots remained, though rude,
And safe below on Chaos' shores we stood.

Genius of song ! Great Source of light and day !
How shall the Muse this dreadful place portray !
Where, all around, tremendous rocks were spread,
That from our feet in headlong fury fled ;(57)
Rocks that great Ajax, with his hundreds more,
Could scarce have moved one hairbreadth from the
shore.

Where logs, and boards, and trees of revered age,
Beat to a pulp amid the torrent's rage,
Fragments of boats, oars, carcases unclean,
Of what had bears, deer, fowls and fishes been,
Lay in such uproar, 'midst such clamor drowned,(58)
That death and ruin seemed to reign around !

High in our front th' outrageous river roared,
And in three separate falls stupendous poured ;
First, slow Fort Slusher's(59) down was seen to roam
In one vast living sheet of glittering foam ;
On its south side a little islet towers,

'There one small pitch o'er broken fragments pours ;
Goat-Island next, with oaks and cedars crowned,
Its shelving base with dwarfish shrubbery bound,
Along the brink a rocky front extends
Four hundred yards, and at the Horse-shoe ends.(60)
'There the main forces of the river pour ;
'There, fierce above, the rushing rapids roar !
'The mighty wat'ry mass, resistless grown,
Green down th' impending brink unbroken thrown,
Whelmed amidst dazzling hills of boiling spray,
In raging, deafening torrents roars away !

One last grand object(61) yet remained unviewed,
Thither we crawl, o'er monstrous fragments rude,
Struggling through caverns deep, now prostrate thrown,
Now up wet slippery masses clambering on ;
Below in foam, the raging rapids sweep,
Above, dark hellowed hangs the enormous steep,
Scooped out immense ; resounding, gloomy, bare,
Its giddy verge projected high in air ;
'There such a scene of rage and uproar new,
In awful grandeur burst upon our view,
As seized, at once, all power of speech away,
And filled our souls with terror and dismay.

Great God of nature ! whose blest sun and showers
Called into action these tremendous powers,
Where shall my tongue fit force of language find
To speak the dread sensations of the mind,
When o'er the impending brink, in bounding sweep,
The eye pursued this deluge to the deep,

Saw its white torrents undulating pour
From heaven to earth with deafening, crashing roar,
Dashed in the wild and torn abyss below
'Midst dazzling foam and whirling storms of snow,
While the whole monstrous mass, and country round,
Shook as with horror at the o'erwhelming sound ! (62)

Within this concave vast, dark, frowning, deep,
Eternal rains and howling whirlwinds sweep ;
The slippery rocks, at every faithless tread,
Threaten to whirl us headlong to the dead ;
Our bard and pilot curious to survey,
Behind this sheet what unknown wonders lay,
Resolved the dangers of th' attempt to share,
And all its terrors of the storm to dare ;
So, hand in hand, with firm yet cautious pace,
Along the gloom they grope this dreary space,
'Midst rushing winds, descending deep they gain
Behind th' o'erhanging horrors of the scene,
There dark, tempestuous, howling regions lie,
And whirling floods of dashing waters fly,
At once of sight deprived, of sense and breath,
Staggering amidst this caverned porch of death,
One moment more had swept them in the waves
To the most horrible of human graves ;
But danger here to desperate force gave way,
And drove them, drenched and gasping out to day.

The glooms of evening now began to close,
O'er heaps of rocks our homeward steps we chose ;
And one by one, th' upright ladder scaled,

While night's grim darkness deep around prevailed ;
Safe on the fearful brink, we search around,
And, glimmering near, a light and lodgings found ;
There full of all the wonders of the day,
In vain on bed our weary heads we lay ;
Still loud without a mighty tempest heaves ;
Still the calm air our terror undeceives.
And when some short and broken slumbers came,
Still round us roaring swept th' outrageous stream ;
Whelmed in the deep we sunk, engulfed, forlorn ;
Or down the dreadful Rapids helpless borne ;
Groaning we start ! and at the loudening war,
Ask our bewildered senses where we are.
At length with watching and with toil oppress,
The thundering tumult rocked us into rest.

APPENDIX

TO

THE FORESTERS,

A POEM.

Notes.

Note 1—Page 5.

The settler's farm with blazing fires o'erspread.

Settlers.—A term usually applied in America to those persons who first commence the operations of agriculture in a new country, by cutting, clearing, and actual settlement. The varied appearance of the woods where these are rapidly going on, forms a busy, novel, and interesting picture.

Note 2—Page 6.

And roused the Katydid in chattering wrath.

Katydid.—A species of *Gryllus* very numerous and very noisy in the woods at that season.

Note 3—Page 7.

Soft, meek-eyed Indian summer ruled the sky.

This expression is so well understood in the United States as hardly to require an explanation. Between the months of October and December there is usually a week or two of calm serene smoky weather, such as here described, which is universally denominated the Indian summer.

Note 4—Page 9.

Through fertile Bucks, &c.

The County of Bucks, in Pennsylvania, is a rich, well-cultivated tract of country, containing nearly half a million of acres, and upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.

Note 5—Page 10.

As o'er Northampton's barren heights we steer.

Northampton is an oblong hilly county, adjoining that of Bucks. It is crossed nearly at right angles by that remarkable range of the Alleghany known by the name of the Blue Ridge or Blue Mountain, which presents the appearance of an immense rampart, extending farther than the eye can reach, with an almost uniform height of summit.

Note 6—Page 11.

Das Neue Callender.—The New Almanac.

Note 7—Page 13.

Thick wastes of ground oak, &c.

This species of dwarf oak produces great quantities of acorns, which the bears, pigeons, grouse, jays, &c. are extremely fond of. It grows to the height of about five feet, very close and affords good shelter for the deer and bear.

Note 8—Page 13.

Enormous gap! if Indian tales be true,
Here ancient Delaware once thundered through.

This pass in the Blue mountain is usually called the Wind Gap. The reader will find some curious conjectures on its formation, in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

Note 9—Page 14.

Long lakes appeared; but at the increase of day
Assumed new forms, and rolled in mist away.

The effect of this deception was really astonishing.—

Nothing could be more evident to the eye; the shores, the waters, studded with numerous islands, seemed to disappear as if by enchantment.

Note 10—Page 18.

—————a panther's jaws,
His horrid tusks, and life-destroying claws.

This animal, generally, though improperly, called by the above name, is the felis cougar of European writers; and is considered as the most dangerous and formidable inhabitant of our forests on this side of the Ohio. They are still numerous among the mountains of Pennsylvania that border on the Susquehanna, and frequently destroy deer, calves, sheep, colts, and sometimes, it is said, horses and cows. They are bold and daring; and lie in wait in the low branches of trees for the deer, on whom they spring with prodigious force, and soon destroy them. The one mentioned above had seized a calf in the evening, within a few feet of a girl who was milking; who supposing it to be a large dog, gave the alarm, and attempted to drive it off. The old hunter, our landlord, soon drove him up a tree with his dog, where he shot him.

Note 11—Page 18.

O'er rising Pocano, &c.

A small spur of the blue ridge, and one of the few places in Pennsylvania frequented by the *tetrao cupido*, or pinnated grouse.

Note 12—Page 18.

Here prostrate woods in one direction strewn,
Point out the path the loud tornado rode.

These tornadoes are very frequent in different regions of the United states. The one above alluded to, had been extremely violent; and for many miles had levelled the woods in its way. We continued to see the effects of its rage for upwards of twenty miles.

Note 13—Page 19.

————the snorting sound
Of startled bruin fixed us to the ground.

At this season of the year great numbers of bears resort to the mountains in search of whortleberries, which they devour with great voracity. They are at this time very fat, and individuals are frequently shot that weigh upwards of 400 lbs.

Note 14—Page 19.

We took up lodgings at the shades of Death.

A place in the great Swamp, usually so called, from its low, hollow situation, overgrown with pine and hemlock trees of an enormous size, that almost shut out the light of day.

Note 15—Page 20.

Of panthers trap——

Our host made himself very merry by relating to us an anecdote of one of his neighbors, living ten or twelve miles off, who, having fixed his large steel traps, in the evening, returned to the spot next morning, when to his terror he saw two panthers (*P. Cougar*) surrounding a trap in which a very large one was taken by the leg.—Afraid to hazard a shot, least the surviving one who was at liberty might attack him, he hurried home, loaded another gun and gave it to his wife, an intrepid amazon, who immediately followed him to the scene. Arrived within forty or fifty yards, the hunter presented to take aim, but was so agitated with terror that he found himself altogether unable. His wife instantly knelt down before him, ordering him to rest the rifle on her shoulder, which he did, and by this expedient succeeded in killing the whole three.

Note 16—Page 20.

———and wildeats he had oft engaged.

Felis montana, mountain lynx. Another species is also found among these mountains, and appears to be the *F. rufa* of Turton. I measured one of these, that from the nose to the insertion of the tail, was upwards of three feet.

Note 17—Page 20.

——the fluttering partridge dies.

This is the *tetrao virginianus* of Linnaeus. In the States of New-England it is called the quail.

Note 18—Page 21.

Trailing their broad barred tails two pheasants strode.

The bird here called a pheasant is the ruffed grouse (*tetrao umbellus*) of European naturalists. In New-England it is called the partridge.

Note 19—Page 22.

Dupont.—A celebrated manufacturer of gunpowder, on the Brandywine, whose packages are usually impressed with the figure of an eagle.

Note 20—Page 23.

While screams of horror pierced the midnight wood,
And the dire axe drank deep of human blood.

The massacre here alluded to, took place after the battle of 3d July, 1778, which was fought near this spot. The small body of American troops were commanded by that brave, humane, and intelligent officer, colonel Butler; the tories and savages were headed by another colonel Butler, of a very different description. Were I disposed to harrow up the feelings of the reader, I might here enlarge on the particulars of this horrible affair; but I choose to decline it. Those who wish to see a detail of the whole, are referred to the Philadelphia Universal Magazine for March 20, 1797, p. 390.

Note 21—Page 26.

Robins.—*Turdus migratorius*. -

Note 22—Page 26.

Wood-cocks.—*Picus Pilatus*, the great scarlet crested, black woodpecker; called also in some of the Southern States the log cock.

Note 23—Page 27.

Eagle.—*Falco leucocephalus*, the white headed or bald eagle.

Note 24—Page 37.

From hill to hill the loud responses fly,
And in the vast horizon lessening die.

This echo may be considered as one of the greatest curiosities of this part of the country. After more than a quarter of a minute had elapsed, the sound was reverberated with astonishing increase, at least ten successive times, each time more and more remote, till at last it seemed to proceed from an immense distance. The word, or words were distinctly articulated; as if giants were calling to one another from mountain to mountain. When our guns were discharged at once, the effect was still more astonishing, and I scarcely believe, that a succession of broadsides from a train of seventy-fours, at like distances, in any other place would have equalled it. The state of the atmosphere was very favorable; and the report roared along the clouds in one continued peal.

Note 25—Page 40.

Where, rising lone, old Spanish-Hill appears.

This detached mountain stands near the line which separates New-York from Pennsylvania, not far from the public road, is of a conical form, and may be between two and three hundred feet high.

Note 26—Page 43.

Here, on the heights, where, suddenly arrayed,
These hordes their last despairing effort made, &c.

In this expedition against the hostile Indians, which was committed to the management of General Sullivan, and crowned with the most complete success, the only stand made by the savages was at this place, August 29th, 1779. After a short skirmish they were driven from this their last hold, and pursued beyond the Genessee river. Forty of their towns, and upwards of 160,000 bushels of Indian corn were destroyed. The remnant of the tribes took refuge in Canada; and thus an immense extent of the the most fertile country of the United States was laid open to the enterprise of our active and industrious settlers. The white population of these parts of the State of New York, settled since, may be fairly estimated at three times the number of all the Indians within five hundred miles of the place.

Note 27—Page 44.

Huge loaded arks rush down the boiling tide.

These vessels are constructed of oak and pine plank, and built in the form of a parrallelogram; they are flat bottomed, and strongly floored; and capable of containing many thousand bushels of Wheat each; sometimes droves of oxen compose part of their cargoes. On arriving at their place of destination, and the cargo disposed of, the arks are sold to the lumber dealers, and taken to pieces with little trouble.

Note 28—Page 44.

Columbia's harbor shelters them at last.

The town of Columbia, on the northeast bank of the Susquehanna, at Wright's ferry, ten miles from Lancaster, is the great depot for those immense stores of wheat, flour, lumber, &c., brought down the river for an extent of more than three hundred miles. The bridge which it is in contemplation to erect over the Susquehanna near this town, will be an additional source of prosperity to this thriving and populous place.

Note 29—Page 45.

In two wide routes their waters seek the main;
Part through St. Lawrence meets the sea again,
Part to the south pursues its wandering way,
And rolls to Chesapeake's capacious Bay.

In a matter of fact poem, such as this, I need hardly observe, that the above is literally true. The proprietor of part of this meadow, assured me, that with his spade he could, at pleasure, send the waters either into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or the Chesapeake Bay. A species of salmon, common to the river Susquehanna and to Lake Ontario, has been frequently known to pass from one to the other by this communication.

Note 30—Page 46.

Here to the god.—Hunger.

Note 31—Page 47.

The half-burnt logs, and stakes erected near,
Showed that the sugar camp once flourished here.

In passing among these stately and noble trees, which grow here in great luxuriance, it is an object of regret to observe how unmercifully their trunks are cut and gashed with the axe; many of these notches are so deep, that the trees have either been killed, or overthrown by the first storm of wind. It is well known that all this chopping is unnecessary; and that a small auger-hole is equally efficient, nowise injurious to the tree, and may be done in one tenth part of the time.

Note 32—Page 48.

Surrounding hills this peaceful place inclose,
And form a scene of sheltered sweet repose.

This Indian town, Catharine, situated near the head of the Seneca Lake, in one of the most delightful and romantic spots imaginable, contained a great number of houses, with large orchards and extensive corn fields.—It was totally destroyed in 1779, by the troops under the command of General Sullivan, who, entering the place at night, found it nearly deserted of its inhabitants. One miserable old squaw alone remained, who, from extreme old age, was incapable of walking; and looked like “the last survivor of the former age.” The general ordered a hut to be erected for her, with provisions for her subsistence; but she did not long survive the catastrophe of her nation.

Note 33—Page 50.

Through this sweet vale, that wooded hills inclose,
A clear deep stream in glassy silence flows.

Catharine's Creek, which forms the head waters of the Seneca Lake, and falls into its southern extremity. From this lake to the landing, a distance of about five miles, the creek is navigable for large loaded boats. The country between this place and Newtown, on the Susquehanna, is generally level; and the distance in a direct line, probably not more than twenty miles. The practicability of uniting these two waters, by a canal, at a comparatively small expense, and the immense advantages that would result from the completion of such an undertaking, have long been evident to all those acquainted with that part of the country.

Note 34—Page 50.

Gigantic walnuts, bare and blasted, rise
And stretch their bleached arms midway to the skies.

Some of these trees, owing to the richness of the soil, grow to an extraordinary size. I measured one that was nearly thirty feet in circumference.

Note 35—Page 50.

There sits the hawk.—The fishing-hawk, or osprey; differing considerably from the bird of that name in Europe.

Note 36—Page 51.

The far famed canvass-backs——

These celebrated and justly esteemed ducks, appear to be the *Anas Ferina* of Lin. From the great abundancy of their favorite food, (the roots of the *Valiseneria Americana*;) in the tide waters of many of our large rivers, it is probable that their flesh is much more delicious here than in Europe.

Note 37—Page 52.

Plovers.—These were of various kinds ; among which I found two species hitherto undescribed.

Note 38—Page 52.

A fleet of ducks——

The black-duck, *Anas Perspillata*, very numerous here.

Note 39—Page 52.

But now the Lake——

The Seneca Lake. This beautiful sheet of water is about forty miles long, by from one and a half to three miles in breadth. The shores are generally precipitous, consisting of a brittle blue slate, in which many curious impressions of marine shells are perceivable. In a short search I found upwards of twenty.

Note 40—Page 53.

Two snow white storks——

Ardea Alba of Lin. These are only summer birds; and very transient visitants in these northern regions.

Note 41—Page 53.

A hawk whose claws, white tail, and dappled breast,
And eye his royal pedigree confest.

The white tailed eagle (*Falco fulvus*,) so much sought after by the Indians of North America for its quill and tail feathers, with which they plume their arrows, ornament their calumet, and adorn their dresses. It inhabits from Hudson's Bay to Mexico. The claws and beak of this bird are of an extraordinary size.

Note 42—Page 54.

Splendid summer ducks——

Called by some the wood-duck (*Anas Sponsa*,) the most beautiful of its tribe in North America. They are easily tamed, and become very familiar. About thirty-five years ago, a Mr. Nathan Nichols, who resided in Maryland, on the west side of Gunpowder river, succeeded completely in domesticating these ducks; so that they bred and multiplied with him in great numbers. In their wild state they build in hollow trees, and fly directly in, without alighting at the entrance.

Note 43—Page 59.

The lake Cayuga——

This lake is about thirty-eight miles long, and from two to three and four miles in breadth. It is nearly parallel with, and about eight or ten miles east from the Seneca lake. The bed of the former is said to be thirty or forty feet lower than that of the latter, which flows into the Cayuga nearly at its outlet, and forms what is usually called Seneca River. The waters of both these lakes are extremely clear and transparent; are much frequented by wild ducks, and contain abundance of various kinds of fish, particularly salmon, and also suckers of a very large size. One of these last, which we purchased from a party of Indians encamped on the shore, measured upwards of two feet in length.

Note 44—Page 61.

O'er rocks and narrows——

These are passes on the high steep sides of the mountains overhanging the Susquehanna, and in some places will scarcely admit more than one person abreast.

Note 45—Page 63.

Now like dull stars the lighted bridge appears.

This bridge extends across the lake, which at this place

is about a mile in width. It is built of wood, is laid on two hundred and fifteen trustles, each consisting of three posts, connected by girths and braces. The posts are sunk to hard gravel, which is generally about thirty feet from the surface. The expense was twenty thousand dollars.

Note 46—Page 63.

Here from the shore, low marshes wide expand,
Where bare and bleak the little salt-works stand.

This saline is about eight miles from the outlet of the lake. The wells are from fifteen to twenty feet deep, and the water is much stronger than that of the ocean. The proprietor informed me that he made about thirty-five bushels daily.

Note 47—Page 65.

The skunk's abhorred effluvia filled the room.

The reader is not to imagine that this animal formed part of our trapper's game. It is never seen in this particular part of the country; and the trappers take advantage of this circumstance to circumvent their prey. In the lower parts of the state, where this animal is abundant, there are people who collect the liquor with which Nature has supplied it for its defence. This is put into small vials, sealed, placed mouth downwards in a pot of

earth, and sold to the trappers. A drop or two of this precious aroma is put on or near the steel-traps after they are set, and the strange and extraordinary odor is said to decoy other animals to the spot. Our landlord himself being furnished with a bottle of this essence of skunk, and his traps profusely saturated with the same, produced the effect above mentioned.

Note 48—Page 67.

Fort Oswego.—This post was finally abandoned on the 29th of October, 1801, about a week before our visit there.

Note 49—Page 69.

Queenstown.—This place lies on the Canada side of the Niagara river, seven miles below the falls.

Note 50—Page 69.

Saw in the east the coming tempest lour, &c.

These storms are very frequent on this lake; and the want of sufficient sea-room is also dangerous. A few days previous to our arrival at Oswego, a British packet called the Speedy, with the judge advocate on board, the judges, witnesses, and an Indian prisoner, and others, to the amount of twenty or thirty persons, foundered in a

violent gale, and every soul perished. No part of the vessel was afterwards found except the pump, which we picked up, and carried to Queenstown.

Note 51—Page 71.

There, high in air, the fortress full in view, &c.

Fort Niagara, originally built in 1725, by the French, was held by the British from 1759 to 1796, when it was delivered up, with the rest of the western posts, to the United States. It lies on the north east point at the entrance of Niagara river into lake Ontario; and is a strong and very important post.

Note 52—Page 71.

There o'er their fort, the British ensign flies.

Fort George, built and occupied by the British since 1794, stands about a mile higher up the river than the American garrison, on ground thirty or forty feet higher than that of the latter, and on the Canada side. The town of Newark is adjoining, containing about two hundred houses.

Note 53—Page 72.

Now full in front the Ridge its height uprears.

This singular ridge commences about the head of lake

Ontario, and running in an easterly direction, loses itself in the country towards the Seneca lake. The plain, extending from its base northwardly to the shores of the lake, and is between two and three hundred feet lower than that extending from its top, south, to lake Erie.

Note 54—Page 73.

—Though five short miles ahead,
All sound was hushed and every whisper dead.

This will appear almost incredible to those who have heard it asserted that the noise of the cataract is frequently heard at the distance of forty miles. Both these facts, however are actually true, and depend entirely on the state of the atmosphere and current of the air.

Note 55—Page 74.

Whence hurrying clouds of boiling smoke arose, &c.

This train of black clouds extends along the heavens in the direction in which the wind blows, as far as the eye can reach, forming a very striking and majestic appearance.

Note 56—Page 76.

Till the tall ladder's tottering top appeared.

This ladder was placed in an almost perpendicular po-

sition, not leaning on the brink; but fastened to a projecting root, in such a manner that, on descending, the steep was on our right hand, and a tremendous abyss, of a hundred and fifty feet deep, presented itself before us.

Note 57—Page 77.

——tremendous rocks were spread,
That from our feet in headlong fury fled.

These rocks, being worn smooth by the perpetual action of the water, and lying upon a steep declivity, composed of loose masses of smaller ones, were displaced at every pressure of the foot, so that masses larger than mill stones were easily lanced down with a single kick, rendering it highly dangerous for more than one person to pass abreast.

Note 58—Page 77.

——'midst such clamor drowned.

A few days before our arrival the body of a man who had been drowned above the falls, was found below them, among the rocks. Finding it impossible from the state of the body, and I may add the ladder, to raise it to the brink of the precipice, and there not being a particle of earth in the gulf to cover it, the people were at a loss how to dispose of it, until one of the company discovered a hollow gum log, into which the body was thrust, and the entrance barricaded with large stones.

Note 58—Page 77.

——Slow Fort Slusher's down was seen to roam.

The height of this fall is said to be 154 feet. The current above is much slower than in another part of the river near the falls, and the water drops here almost perpendicularly, presenting the appearance of an immense white curtain of foam.

Note 60—Page 78.

——— and at the Horse-shoe ends.

These falls are twelve or fourteen feet lower than those of Fort Slusher on the American side; and the main body of the river rushes over at this place with indescribable violence and uproar.

Note 61—Page 78.

One last grand object———

The Great Pitch. Of the general appearance of this tremendous scene I find it altogether impossible for me to give any adequate conception.

Note 62—Page 79.

While the whole monstrous mass and country round Shook as with horror at th' o'erwhelming sound!

This is literally true. In the house where we lodged, which is more than half a mile from the falls, the vibrations of a fork, stuck in a board partition, were plainly observable across the room.



